THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CHARLES LEVER.

Graphic Sketch of the Dashing and Gifted Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke of Ours," and "Davenport Dunn."

The Son of an Englishman, He was More Irish in Character and in Genius Than Many of the Irish Themselves.

[*Dublin Evening Telegraph.*]

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK]

To the Englishman's remark that the Irish are lazy, he responds, "Ask him did he ever try to cut turf, with two meals of wet potatoes per diem;" and to the objection that they are bigoted and superstitious, he answers, "How much better would they be if they knew all about Lord Rosse's telescope?" In another place he says, "No man tells the whole truth to his physician *till he can't help it*," referring to the way in which he declares medical men are looked down upon abroad. Another sound view of his is that reply to the *Times'* attacks on Irishmen, "You may throw mud at a man even till the end of the world, but you'll never make his face the cleaner for it;" and also that "idleness is only a luxury where other people are obliged to work." He was in Italy when he made this last remark. Some times, however, he says things, as does Mrs. Dodd, which are inexcusable, like this—"Patriotism is too often but the last refuge of a scoundrel," and "He died, a little in drink, but a true patriot," which were sops to the Tory Cerberus. Miss Mary Anne Dodd is sometimes happy in description, witness the following portrait of a sprig of the nobility, in one of her letters to a friend—"Among 'home productions,' as you term them, I may mention the Hon. Sackville Cavendish—a thin, pale, white-eyebrowed babe of an 'unpaid attache.' He has just emerged from the 'Nursery' at Downing street, and is really not strong enough to go alone. I have supported him in an occasional polka, and 'hustled' him, as James called it, through a waltz I have in turn received the meed of his admiration, as expressed in the most lack-lustre eyes that ever glittered out of

A DOLL'S HEAD."

Mrs. Dodd, too, is humorous, but often unconsciously so. Her portraits are mostly bulls, and her Irish generosity extends to actually giving *herself* away, as when she says, "There is nothing I detest so much as bigotry. Go to heaven *your own way*, and let the Protestants go to the *other* place *theirs*. Them's my sentiments, Molly!" Like Mrs. Malaprop, she delights in "derangements of epitaphs," but she hardly equals her great prototype in the hardihood of her metaphorized ventures. She is especially good in her complaining mood. Writing to her friend, Mrs. Mary Gallagher she rates her husband soundly, but adds—"I don't want to revive the dreadful mistake I made in my youth, nor to mention the struggles I've had with him on every subject for more than twenty five years—struggles, my dear Molly, that would have killed anyone that hadn't the constitution of a horse; but that now, thanks to the goodness of Providence, has become a part of my nature, so that there isn't an hour of the day or night that I'm not able and willing to dispute and argue with him on any question whatsoever." I might go on quoting for a long time from what is a veritable mine of such wealth, but I must turn my attention to other aspects of his novels. In this novel the characters experience frequent ups and downs, are on the height of prosperity in one chapter and down in the dust in the next, but never losing their gaiety, in which they imitate very much the famous Gil Blas in Lesage's novel of that name. The novel by Lever which is supposed to resemble that work does not bear a close likeness to it. "Con Cregan, or the Irish Gil Blas" is tragic at times, but is more generally melodramatic than anything else, whereas 'Gil Blas" is pure comedy from start to finish. The adventures of "Con Cregan" are slightly different from those his heroes usually go through. Generally he is military to the tips of his fingers, and if the reader cannot be immediately transported to the field of battle proper, at least he can witness a miniature representation of it in the shape of

A DUEL.

Con, however, travels farther, if not more, than the other characters of Lever's novels, braves the perils of the ocean, fights with lions, and is actually left on a desolate island, where he meets with the horrible negro, Menelaus Crick. He also discovers untold wealth in gold and precious stones, and more decidedly leads a more out-of-the-way existence than the Burkes and O'Malleys and Tierneys. Yet "Con Cregan" is about the most hap hazard book Lever has written. Withal, it is one of his most sensational works, and should be very popular with the class of readers who look upon Rider Haggard as a great novelist. Of course, the latter never did anything half as good as "Con Cregan." There are other novels by Lever more boisterous, more rollicking, more full of hubbub, but not many more distinctly readable. Someone has called Lever's pages "riotous," which is a not infelicitous description of some of his work, and a certain reviewer spoke of his earlier novels as a "*rechauffe* of Dublin table-talk, or a collection of thrice told anecdotes," which is not at all a just charge. Nobody can hurl such accusations at "Con Cregan." His reputation as a "Prince of 'neck or-nothing' novelists" rests upon "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" chiefly, with which "Con Cregan" has little in common. In fact, Alexandre Dumas might easily have induced people to believe it to be of his manufacture, so true is it to his samples. One of the curious things noticeable about Lever's novels is that he never likes to drop a character in the middle of the book, and this is particularly observable in "Con Cregan," where all the earlier characters may be relied upon to turn up again, witness the instances of Lydia Delmar, Fra Miguel, Alexis, Donna Maria, Lyndsay, and several others.

Con receives the congratulations of a hardened traveler on his poverty in beginning life, and is told, with some ingenuity, "The lighter you start the easier your journey! He that sets his heart on it can always make money, and friends, as they are called by courtesy, are still more easily acquired." Advanced some distance on his life pilgrimage, Con excuses himself for not entering upon minute accounts of the architecture and scenery of the places he visited, in this way: "I'll neither inflict you with a land view or a sea view. In my company you'll never hear a word about the measurement of a cathedral, or the number of feet in height of a steeple. My care and my business are with men and women. They are to me the

REAL OBJECTS OF TRAVEL.

The chequered board of human life is the map whose geography I love to study, and my thoughts are far more with the stream that flows from the heart than with the grandest river that ever sought the sea." The philosophy in this book is very pleasant, and the reflections the author occasionally drops into never morbid or unhealthy. His talent for comic description is as conspicuous as usual, as evidenced by his remark on meeting a Dutchman: "A grunt, a snort, a thick sound like a struggle between choking and gurgling ensued, which I concluded to be something in Dutch." The eulogy of Paris, too, as "that glorious capital whose very air is the champagne of atmospheres," is happy. Some of his references are, however, not at all pleasant; it is most irritating to hear him so often, as in the last chapter, disparaging his countrymen, and pertenaciously ridiculing not very serious failings. His allusions to the Catholic religion in this book are also, to say the least, in bad taste, and decidedly unfair. There is a good deal of padding in this book, which is here and there due to his desire to curry favor with English readers or critics, as though to say: "I his is a set-off to some national observations of mine in another place, and therefore do not denounce me as a mere Repealer," or words to that effect. It is clear that he never planned some of his novels at all, and "Con Cregan" is one of those, probably, which, having begun well, he left to take care of itself, trusting to his mother-wit to keep things going satisfactorily. I need not refer to his other novels, which are mostly familiar to diligent readers; but I would like to say that there is one, entitled "A Day's Ride; or, A Life's Romance," which is little read, perhaps, and yet it contains as genuine humor, though quiet and unostentatious in character, as anything he ever penned, and that Mr Potts, who appears in it, is a most remarkable creation, equal in originality and excellence to any other person he ever conceived. These quaint characters attract one more than even his cross-grained Irish retainers, who have a little too much of the Daniel Quilp about them.

As a poet, or, to be modest, as a song writer, Lever is admirable, and it is no stretch of legitimate praise to say that if his fame as a humorist depended upon his songs in "Charles O'Malley" alone, he would occupy a not contemptible position. Such things as "Ah! once we were illegant people," with its delicious couplet—

And the English, bad luck to them, hate us,
Because we've more fun than them all.

"Larry McHale," "The Girls of the West," "'Tis little for glory I care," "The Widow Malone," "Bad luck to this marching," and so on, are earnest of the humor that was in him. From the same novel I venture to quote, with a much needed apology, two of his clever songs, which will properly wind up this article on the most uproarious of novelists and most absorbingly interesting of story-tellers. The first is "The Man for Galway."

To drink a toast
A proctor roast,
Or bailiff as the case is:
To kiss your wife,
Or take your life
At ten or fifteen paces;
To keep game-cocks, to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway—
With debts galore, but fun far more—
Oh, that's "the man for Galway!"

The King of Oude
Is mighty proud,
And so were once the Caysars;
But could Giles Eyre
Would make them stare
With a company of the Blazers.
To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,
He's only a prince in a small way,
And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall—
Oh, he'd never "do for Galway."

Ye think the Blakes
Are no great shakes—
They're all his blood relations;
And the Bodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinese,
For they come from the Phenavcians.
So fill to the brim, and here's to him
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
With debts galore, but fun far more,
Oh, that's "the man for Galway?"

"Mary Draper" is longer, but it is, beyond doubt, one of his very best songs, and the space taken up by it might be occupied by worse stuff—

Don't talk to me of London dames,
Nor rave about your foreign flames,
That never lived—except in dramas.
Nor shone, except on paper:
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I know,
Who lived in Ballywhackmacrew,
And, let me tell you, mighty few
Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
Her foot was small, and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper,
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you "Rousseau's Dream,"
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her toe—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down her bird,
Oh! she shamed all the Forty-third,
Did lovely Mary Draper.

And at the Spring Assizes ball,
The Junior Bar would one and all
For all her fav'rite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper,
Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
King's counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor
For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face or shape, or
Her pretty ankles—but oghone,
I'll only wast of old Athlone
Such girls are found—and now they're gone—
So here's to Mary Draper.

All humors of the scalp, tetter sores, and dandruff cured, and falling hair checked; hence, baldness prevented by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

THE "ANGLO-SAXON" FRAUD

Fully Exposed by an Able Writer in the "North American Review" for August.

Millions of Americans Regard the Odious and Lying Term "Anglo-Saxon" as Being Very Offensive.

[*North American Review.*]

In proportion as the North American republic grows powerful and overshadowing, grows the anxiety of Englishmen to have it understood that this potent factor in the world's affairs is what they term Anglo-Saxon; that it is Anglo-Saxon in race, feeling and literature. Matthew Arnold, Goldwin Smith, Edward A. Smith, Edward A Freeman and James Anthony Froude, all British chauvinists, are the most distinguished advocates of the idea—an idea received with enthusiasm by some here in America, with indifference by others, but by a large section of our people with dislike, because it is false and because it is offensive. Those great writers are Englishmen who see more or less clearly into the future. They see that the day is surely coming when England will have to take her place behind the American republic, and they would like their countrymen coming after them to be able to say: "What does it matter, after all, whether it be the elder or younger branch of the Anglo Saxon race which shall influence, perhaps sway, the world's destinies and shape its literature and civilization, provided it be Anglo Saxon?"

While governor general of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne never wearied of glorifying the Anglo Saxon. The idea ran through most of his speeches; he was never so happy as when congratulating his mother in law's subjects on the fact that they were part and parcel of the imperial race that many enthusiasts assert has sprung from the lost tribes of Israel. And yet the noble marquis is himself heir to the chieftancy of a great Celtic tribe, and will be the McCallum More on the death of the Duke of Argyll. In addressing Canadians in such a strain, his lordship was absurd, inaccurate and unphilosophical. Had he taken time to think, he would have realized that the people he called Anglo Saxon were Celtic, even as the Campbells themselves. The leader of the Canadian government in his time was Sir John A. Macdonald, whose name speaks for itself; his lieutenant was the French Sir Hector Langevin; the leader in opposition, the Scottish Celt Alexander MacKenzie, and his second in command the French Wilfred Laurier. One-third of Canada's population is French—that is to say, Celto Latin; one third Irish and Highland Scottish, and the remaining third of English and German descent. The marquis was about as ethnologically correct in addressing Canadians as Anglo-Saxons, as was Mr. Blaine in his letter accepting the nomination for the presidency in 1884 when he drew a distinction between the two Americas by terming one of them Spanish and the other Anglo Saxon.

Is it necessary, in order to escape the trouble of disputing over an unscientific expression, that Irishmen, for instance, should tacitly admit the Anglo-Saxon to be something of a proprietor of these United States, and representative of a race aristocracy? What about the descendants of Frenchmen, of Germans, of Slavs, and of Scandinavians, who do not admit Anglo Saxon superiority? When, overpowered by his emotions, the average Fourth of July orator eulogizes the Anglo Saxon, he does not pause to consider that the Celts and Germans among his audience may inquire of one another if there is any room on this continent for them. It may flatter the vanity of the orator and a portion of his hearers to have it admitted that they, the race aristocracy of the land, are allied in blood to the Anglo Saxon on the other side of the Atlantic who rules so mighty an empire, or, merely exulting in his ignorance, he may imagine that every white man is an Anglo Saxon. The writers who sit calmly down with white paper before them and thinking pens grasped in their fingers—and there are thousands of them—have not the same excuse, and yet they ring the changes on the Anglo Saxon idea in and out of season.

There are several ways of arriving at a fair approximation as to what race the American people really belong to, or are descended from; among them names, language, immigration, figures and features. Now, while there can be no question that the English language is all but universally spoken in the United States and Canada, it is spoken as eloquently and sonorously by the Irish American Daniel Dougherty, the French American Chauncey M. Depew, the German American Carl Schurz, as by the Anglo Saxon American Henry James or John Sherman. Seven or eight millions of African descent also speak the English language, but they do not claim to be Anglo-Saxons.

It is probable that after the fall of Louisburg, when England became supreme in that part of North America not controlled by Spain, the Anglo Saxon element largely predominated, though, of course, coming in contact all over with hundreds of thousands who were of Spanish, French, Dutch, or German origin, not forgetting Irish, which race must always be kept distinct from the English or Anglo Saxon as a different—nay, unfortunately a hostile—element. Now, for purposes of ethnological classification, and lacking accurate data, we say of Russia that it is Slav, of Germany that it is Teutonic, of Ireland that it is Celtic, and of England that it is Anglo Saxon. This is language of the roughest and loosest kind, as each of those countries has more or less of a mixed population, and England most of all. Still it must serve for want of better. We have to begin somewhere, and it is just as reasonable to call an Irishman a Celt as to call an Englishman an Anglo Saxon.

When the first census of the republic was taken, 1790, the white population was found to be 3,172 006. Assuming that all English are Anglo Saxon, what was the proportion of that element in the number? I consider 2 000 000 a liberal allowance, and so take that figure as a basis for argument, more for its roundness than because it may be correct. Supposing, then, that those two millions had received no accession of strength from extraneous sources, to what number would they have increased, let us say, up to 1880? Unfortunately no one can say. There are in existence no statistics showing the natural increase of the American people. The answer would be simple enough were it not for the immense volume of immigration from Europe, Canada, Mexico and other American countries between the years of 1820 and 1880, containing upwards of ten millions of souls who intermingled with the American people and became part of the national life.

In order, therefore, to arrive at anything like a fair conclusion as to what may be termed the present value of natural increase of the original 2 000 000 Anglo-Saxons, it will be necessary to have recourse to analogy. There is one element in the United States which has received no increase worth speaking of in immigration, that is the African. It is known that in 1790 the colored population, bond and free, was 757 207, and in 1890, 6,480,793; which is an increase of 770 per cent. in ninety years. Now, if the 2 000,000 Anglo Saxons increased at the same ratio, their number in 1880 would have reached 15 4000 000. As a matter of fact, the colored population increased more in proportion than the Caucasian until within a very recent period; but as we are moving over hypothetical ground, let that not interfere with the argument.

The next question to be answered is, To what extent has the Anglo Saxon benefitted by immigration from the mother land? Mr. Ainsworth Spofford, the librarian of congress, informs us that between 1779 and 1820 the immigration to this country is estimated to be 250,000, of which, for obvious reasons, the Anglo-Saxons formed a very small percentage. After 1820 we have official figures at our disposal, and tread on more solid ground. From Mr. Spofford's returns I find that from 1820 to 1879 (both years inclusive) 8 908,709 immigrants from Europe and British America settled in the United States. The subjoined figures show the nationality of those immigrants: England, 894 444; Ireland 3 061 761; Scotland, 242 547; Wales, 17 893; Great Britain (not specified), 560,453; Austro Hungary, 65,-578; Belgium, 23 267; France, 312 716; Germany, 3 002 027; Greece, 385; Italy, 70 181; Netherlands, 44 319; Poland, 14,-831; Portugal, 9 062; Russia, 33 316; Spain, 28 091; Scandinavian, 306 092; Switzerland, 83 709; British America, 568, 941; other countries, 97 007; miscellaneous (unknown), 255 778

It will be seen from these figures that England alone furnished less than a tenth of this volume of immigration; but allowing half of the Scotch contingent to be Anglo Saxon, and a fourth of the Canadians to be of the same race, the sum would be 1 115 450 which, added to the 15 400,000 above, would make a total of a little over sixteen and a half millions in 1880, plus the natural increase of the immigrants, which, if set down at half a million, would allow the people of Anglo Saxon blood in this country in that year to be 17 000 000, or about seventeen forty-fourths of the white population. I do not take the 560 453 immigrants from Great Britain (not specified) into this account, as I believe they were Irish and other Europeans. It is well known—the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is authority for it—that the English immigration bureau kept track of English emigrants proper sailing from English ports, while as for others, it often did not take the trouble to classify them according to nationality. Since 1880 upwards of 7 000 000 immigrants from Europe and British America have entered the United States, chiefly from Germany, Scandinavia, Ireland and Italy, and relatively few from England; and at this present moment the most liberal estimate could not allow more than 18,000 000 of Anglo Saxon blood in the country.

The features of the people resemble the Celto Latin races more than the Anglo Saxon or Teutonic. The average English man is fair; the average American is dark; the face of the average Englishman inclines to flatness; that of the American is sharp and aggressive, with a Celtic contour.

Names furnish little or no indication of race. Names, whether German, French, or Irish, get translated or anglicized with ease and rapidity. Thus Schmidt and Jansen change to Smith and Johnson after a generation; Lemarch, Dubois, Leblanc and Lenoir are translated into Walker, Wood, White and Black; and the Irish names Callahan, Mahoney and Greehan are modified into Calhoun, Mahone and Green. As was stated in an article in the *North American Review* for October, 1886 Europe, not England is the mother of America,* and, this being so, we should all be content with our Caucasian origin and American citizenship, and we should be proud to see even in this generation a type developing itself which is destined to pass into the future as essentially American, as different from Celtic as from Latin, as different from Anglo Saxon as from either—a type which, while still new, will so spread and assert itself as to render impossible a Cossack or Chinese destruction of the world's civilization.

JOHN C. FLEMING.

*The motto of THE CITIZEN.

The confidence of people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation, is remarkable. It has cured many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Pope Takes a Drive Outside the Vatican and Excites no Hostility—Doings in and Around the Papal Court.

The Church in France—The Republicans and the Catholics.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE HOLY FATHER.

On Saturday, September 12, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Leo XIII. (who, it may be said, is enjoying excellent health), was conveyed in his portantina through the Borgia apartments, the Vatican museum, and thence to the new library, on a visit of inspection. It is known that Leo XIII. resolved to restore the Borgia section, the ceilings of which are covered with remarkable paintings by artists anterior to Raphael, to all their ancient splendor. The rooms were encumbered by from between two and three hundred thousand volumes of printed matter. They were removed to the old armory, and are now so arranged that the public can profit of the rich collection. Count Vespignani received the Holy Father, who expressed himself satisfied with the arrangements of the new library, which contains all modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of students. He also passed several minutes admiring the new statue of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Aureli, now placed in the center of the hall. The Sovereign Pontiff terminated his visit at half past five o'clock, and, accompanied by his Noble guards, entered his carriage for the return short drive to his apartments by way of the Vatican gardens. To do this it was necessary to traverse a few yards of the street which lies behind St. Peter's, and which Italy claims as hers. Our readers will remember the storm raised by Crispi, when, two years ago, Leo. XIII. ventured upon a similar excursion. This year nobody took fright, the Italian papers simply notified the fact, and no terrible danger menaced the new powers. True, Crispi is away, busy concocting fresh plots, which he fondly imagines will prove to be dangerous thunderbolts.

CRISPI ONCE MORE.

We are menaced with another course of Crispi. This time the dish is to be served up in New York. The ex premier intends publishing a third article upon the relations between Italy and the Holy See. In order to secure the collaboration of the statesman, the *Contemporary Review* made him brilliant offers. But an American review, the title of which is not yet divulged here, has succeded in depriving the English publication of such a precious reviewer. Italy openly deplores the conduct of her former premier in his keeping up perpetual religious agitation of the worst character. But poor Crispi would consume himself in rage were it not for these fire brands he continually casts abroad. They are his safety valves.

A PRINCESS' WEDDING.

A marriage has been arranged to take place in November between Donna Maria Barbarini and the Marquis Luigi Sacchetti. The young fiancé is twenty years of age, and sole heiress of the wealth of the celebrated descendants of Pope Urban VIII. With the Holy Father's consent, by royal decree, Don Luigi Sacchetti will assume the title of Sacchetti Barbarini, Prince of Palestrina, and the following titles: Duke of Castelvecchio, Grandee of Spain, Ball del S.M.O. Gerosolimitano, Capt. Lieut Gen. of the Noble Pontifical Guards, etc. The marriage ceremony will be celebrated in the Barbarini chapel.

CLONFERT'S MIRACULOUS MADONNA.

We owe the following to a distinguished Irish priest: "In the ecclesiastical province of Hungary is the episcopal town called by the Germans, Raab; by the French, Javarin; by the Hungarians, Goyr; by the Italians, Giavarmo; and by the Latin writers, Gauricum. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this town was the scene of many a struggle between the Turks and Christians, during which her cathedral suffered much from sacrilegious hands. It was turned into a powder magazine, struck by lightning and completely destroyed. Reconstructed in the seventeenth, and restored in the nineteenth centuries, this cathedral possesses little to render it worthy of remark, were it not that it contains a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was transported from Ireland to Hungary. The story, which is curiously interesting, is known to very few persons. In the year 1655, the bishop of Clonfert, Walter Lynch, was obliged, by the persecuting partisans of Cromwell, to fly from his diocese and country. After much wandering he finally sought refuge at Goyr, or Raab, as it is now called, where, in recognition of his saintly life, he was made canon. When flying from his persecutors, the only object the poor bishop took with him was a statue of the Blessed Virgin, profoundly venerated by his diocesans and from which, it is said, he never parted during his life. After his death it was placed in the cathedral at Raab, where, on the 17 th of March, 1697, in the midst of a great concourse of people, the statue was observed to be covered with a miraculous sweat of blood. Count Siegbert Heister, the governor of the town, who witnessed the miracle, caused the statue to be placed upon an altar, which he decorated with great magnificence. Later on, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the bishop, Francis Leary, built a chapel for the venerated statue. This statue, which originally belonged to the diocese of Clonfert, is now known as the Madonna of Raab.

PROPAGANDA NOMINATIONS.

Canon Charles Maurice Graham has been appointed coadjutor to the bishop of Plymouth. The Rev. Pere Celestin Felix Chouvellon has been appointed vicar apostolic of Sutchuen in China.

NEW BENEDICTINE MONASTERY.

The new Benedictine monastery will be erected upon the Aventine Hill, after the designs of Count Francesco Vespignani.

A SPANISH CONVENT AT ALBANO.

By authority of the cardinal vicar, a new Spanish convent, whose object is the care and instruction of abandoned orphans, has been opened in Albano.

CONTINENTAL NEWS.

THE FRENCH PILGRIMAGES TO ROME.

The twenty thousand French Catholics who are to take part in the workingmen's great pilgrimages to the Eternal City, will go to Rome in groups and will remain there four days. Each group will attend a mass celebrated by the Holy Father, who, it is expected, will deliver an important address to the pilgrims.

THE ABBE FAURE.

Very bitter indignation has been excited among the Catholics of Paris by the summary dismissal of the Abbe Faure, the chaplain of the Grande Roquette prison. The abbe's offense certainly leans to virtue's side. Listening to the prayers of an ex army doctor named Jeannetout, who was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, the abbe transmitted to the prisoner's wife, who was about to be confined, the names of several persons to whom she might apply for assistance. Though the abbe is well known for the admirable services he has performed at the prison, he has been dismissed from his post for this trivial transgression of the rules. It is at the Grande Roquette that criminals condemned to death are guillotined, and the devotion which the abbe has shown towards those who were about to suffer the last penalty of the law, has frequently been the theme of eulogiums even in journals by no means favorable to Catholic priests.

THE DOMINICAN ORDER.

The bulletin of the Order of Preachers, the *Annae Dominicaine*, says: "It is on the 19th of September that the father electors of all the provinces of our order will meet at Lyons to choose a successor to the Most Rev. Father Larroca, in the government of the order. Numerous articles have appeared within the past few days in some of the most important journals of Paris, on the subject of this election. Without speaking of the fantastic political considerations of which these articles are full, there have crept into them, as well in regard to details of our legislation as with respect to the mode of election of the general, serious errors which have not at the same time precluded an amount of sympathy for our order. Still, we think it our duty to protest specially against an article which has appeared in the *Matin*, and which with a complete want of intelligence as to the spirit which animates the French Dominican provinces, combines insinuations and criticisms absolutely disloyal. The real or pretended inspirer of the article could not be a religious attached to this order and faithful to his rule."

AN ADMIRER OF THE COMTE DE PARIS.

The Marquis de Saint Astier, who recently died at Perigueux, was a true representative of the old nobility, and an uncompromising Legitimist. He regarded the Comte de Paris as his monarch, and bequeathed to him his property as a feudal fief. His pictures and books he left to the town which was once the capital of Perigord. A dispute is at present going on as to whether the Comte de Paris is to receive the valuable pictures which ornament the walls of the salons of the Chateau des Bories, where the deceased marquis lived. The city is strictly entitled, under the terms of the will, only to the artistic collection in the gallery of the chateau, and to the books in the library, but it is expected that the Comte de Paris will waive his claim to the drawing room pictures which belong legally to him, forming part as they do of the real property bequeathed to him by the defunct marquis. The prince is generous, and the town is not at all loath to trespass on his generosity.

THE REPUBLICANS AND THE CATHOLICS.

Many indications go to show that the anti Catholic section of the supporters of the republic are not at all pleased with the idea that the movement initiated by Cardinal Lavigerie is meeting with success. An instance in point occurred the other day. A deputy elected by the Conservatives, M Fould, has joined the Republicans. He has established a paper called *La Liberte des Hautes Pyrenees*, which had been upholding the policy of the constitutional right. A few days ago M. Paul de Cassagnac, in the *Autorite*, reproached him with his change of view, at the same time adding that he was not of much importance. The *Radical*, on behalf of the anti Catholic Republicans, hastened to inform M. de Cassagnac that they did not look for or appreciate the support the deputy intended to offer them. They saw by his journal, *La Liberte des Hautes Pyrenees* that his Republicanism savored of Catholicism, and that was sufficient to induce them to assail him.

A Worthy Entertainment.

The Sheridan (North Side) Club will give a ball and reception, for the benefit of one of its oldest and most deserving members, at Cline's Hall, southeast corner of Huron and Wells streets, on Saturday evening, Oct. 10. As the object of the entertainment is a most worthy one, it is hoped that the attendance will be very large. Tickets, admitting lady and gentleman, are fifty cents.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Dough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XI.

A DISPATCH INTERCEPTED.

"Yes, a night's round of pirouetting does cut one up a little. I feel a shade *blase* myself, and you may have noticed at parade that even some of our French veterans looked just a trifle seedy after their protracted feats on the light fantastic—egad, what insatiable dancers they are, and how vigorously your Mayo damsels seconded them!" exclaimed Bartholomew Teeling, the morning after the ball with which the victory of Castlebar was celebrated.

It was noonday, and he and Barrett had clambered, through curiosity, to the summit of the old feudal ruin which (standing on or near the site of the present Convent of Mercy) gave name to Castle street, in Castlebar.

Here they were reclining amid the tall grass, now crisp or warm in the sunshine, enjoying brief immunity from the peculiar hurley-burly of which the capital of Mayo was now the exciting centre, and, recalling, in desultory manner, the stirring events they had so recently witnessed.

The Autumn air was filled with a strange medley of sounds—the tramp of marching feet, the shouting of words of command, an occasional trumpet call ring ing out with startling clearness, the hoarse murmur of many voices like the sound of the surge among opposing rocks.

At intervals a tempestuous cheer arose, announcing that somewhere in the town a fervid orator was haranguing a gathering of insurgents.

But the two friends, serene in their comfortable semi siesta, paid little heed to the significant din.

"Thoroughly apropos, etat-major," said Barrett, with a laugh, in reply to the other's remark. "Irish beauty knows how to honor Gallic bravery. Our fair ones but did their devoirs, and that with be coming grace. I hope you liked it; patriotism plus pleasure should be a delicious experience."

Patrick, *mon ami*, you wax cynical. Ah, I forgot—you had to leave early, from some cause or other, last night. Case of sour grapes with you, eh? But you promised to give the reason of your decamping."

Barrett suddenly felt his face glow with a flush of shame and embarrassment.

"Not worth mentioning," he said hurriedly.

"At all events," continued the young Northern, noting with surprise the confused manner of his companion, and exercising a little tact accordingly, "you may congratulate yourself on having evaded last night's round of fatigue, pleasant though, of course, it was. Would I had adopted the same course—heigh ho!"

The speaker lay backward, drowsily puffing at his cheroot, the zephyrs gently wafting the smoke through an ivied embrasure of the battlement.

Our insurgent colonel rose to his feet and gazed musingly around. A full flood of historic memories came upon him as his eye strayed from the ancient tower to the quaint, irregular roofs of the old town beneath him, and thence by rugged hills, green meads, yellow cornfields that seemed swimming in the sunlight, though flecked with the shadows of sailing clouds, to the bold, blue mountain ranges, with their beauteous tints of light and shade, that climaxed to the north in the massive dome of Nephin, to the west in the pyramid like outline of Croagh-Patrick.

In one direction extended the canal-like river of Castlebar—the ancient Sluire—gliding in from the woods of Turlough, erstwhile the residence of the noted "Fighting Fitzgerald"; in another—towards Sion Hill and the rocks of Rabane—he could distinguish the burial parties moving to and fro on the previous day's battlefield, which was still strewn with corpses.

It was a town of warlike associations, this Mayo capital. To the spectator the past was vividly suggested by the present. From that famed Connacian fighting century, the thirteenth, when the Norman De Barrys conquered and expelled the native Irish septs of "the uneven, splendid Carra," the Murrays, Cormacks, and Tierneys, and established themselves in their sword-won territory by building the stronghold of Caislean-an-Bharraigh (or Castle Barry, afterwards shortened to Castlebar), down to the war of the Revolution, the furious waves of conflict had been surging around those walls. Dark fate overtook many of the feudal owners. On one memorable occasion the lord Barry and his men, shouting their war-cry, "*Boutez en-avant!*" (push forward), went forth with shining mail and waving pennons to combat the "Irishry," but only to perish almost to a man at the bloody battle of Ballylahan, near Foxford, where Felim O'Connor shattered the power of the English barons of Carra and Gallen. To the Barrys succeeded the potent Bourkes, under whose régime the place grew and throve, until the wanderer on the Windy Gap might behold, in the words of the poet (Ferguson):

—shining like a star,
Through the dusky gleams afar,
The bailey of Castlebar,

and perceive, on nearer approach, the imposing feudal accessories of

—a stone house strong and great,
And a horse-host at the gate,
And a captain in armor of plate.

But also among the Bourkes of Castlebar did doom make sundry black marks. One of them, Edmond, was foully murdered in the sacred precincts of Rathfran Abbey, Tyrawly, struck down by the daggers of his own unnatural nephews; and some of his successors fared as miserably.

The place was the sometime abode of the romantic but piratical Grana O'Malley and her husband, Iron Dick—so called from his continually wearing armor—but she abandoned it for the grand shores of Clew Bay, to seek a life of more congenial excitement and pleasure among her own hearty and adventurous clan; for the pursuits, customs, and amusements of her Celtic kinsmen had a charm for the haughty bantierna:

And music sure was sweeter far
For ears of native nurture,
Than virginals at Castlebar
To tinkling touch of courtier,
When harpers good in hall struck up
The planxty's gay commotion,
Or pipers screamed from pennoned poop
Their piobroch over ocean.

In 1576, when Queen Elizabeth's deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, making war against the Bourkes, who resisted the English power, and were therefore, of course, regarded as "rebels," besieged the stronghold so closely that, as he tells us, "in the night the rebells sett the castell on fyre and stole away in the smoke;" and, ten years afterwards, Edmund Burke, of Castlebar, a feeble, bed-ridden man, for aspiring to be elected MacWilliam, or chief of his name—a title prohibited by the English—was seized by the brutal Sir Richard Bingham, subjected to a mock trial, and hanged at his own door—soon after which the Bourkes' possessions in and around Castlebar were "granted," by the State to Bingham's nephew (ancestor of the Earl of Lucan), whose descendants still enjoy them.

At the Irish outbreak of 1641, the castle was besieged by another Emun Bourke, who hinted at placing his prisoner, the Protestant bishop of Killala, on the "sow" or pent-house which he (Emun) was constructing for the sapping of the walls, in order to prevent the fire of the English garrison. The surveyor, Downing, found at Castlebar, in 1684, "a very fair, large bawn and two round towers or castles therein, and a good large house in the possession of Sir John Bingham;" and in the Williamite wars, Bingham having fled the "strong house" of Castlebar, it was garrisoned for King James by the brothers Balldearg and Connell O'Donnell, who, hearing one night "a great noise and outcry in the street," giving alarm of an English predatory raid, mustered their dragoons and musketeers and pursued the enemy, whom they overtook and defeated fourteen miles away, "in the defile of a marsh," killing some of them, taking others prisoners, and rescuing a prey of 2,000 head of cattle.

Verily the old ruin had witnessed some stirring scenes, and, as the muser on the battlements gazed dreamily upon the lawn below, he seemed to see its former tenants go by in spectral procession—De Barry riding forth to the gory tryst on the banks of Moy; the warlike MacWilliam Bourkes, fiery and dangerous as the mountain cat they adopted as their crest; Iron Dick in his clanking harness, and his wife Grana in the yellow gown, crimson mantle, and golden ornaments that had surprised Queen Bess and the stately dames of Hampden court; Elizabethans in buff coat and cuirass, kernes in their yellow shirts, rapparees in their shaggy cloaks, all seemed to momentarily revisit their former haunt and then to disappear again into the rather lurid past to which they belonged.

Suddenly Barrett's reverie was broken. The residue of the historic phantoms he had evoked vanished with somewhat undignified haste. A lady, dressed in deepest black, was pacing the lawn below. Now and then she paused, as if in expectation. Something in her figure and movements struck him as being familiar, and he found himself watching her with an eager, an instinctive interest which surprised him.

"Time's up, citizen colonel," said Teeling at this juncture, springing to his feet. "We are urgently required yonder, I dare say, where there will be much ado to create order out of chaos. Heaven knows some of our peasant recruits are a sore affliction."

"Ha, so you have discovered an object of interest," he continued, peering over the parapet. "Some fascinating young widow, apparently. Sorry her appearance is so inopportune. *Allons.*"

They descended by means of a broken winding stair. On nearing the ground a casual glance through a musketry slit caused Barrett to start violently. He seemed to become rigid as iron as he laid a detaining hand strongly on his companion's shoulder.

"Stay—silence, for heaven's sake!"

"Ah, madam has found a companion. Fie, Barrett, would you play spy on a tender *agaire du cœur*!"

"Hush, I tell you! There are more spies here than we."

The lady *had* got a companion, a sprucely attired young man, with whom she was now engaged in eager and interested conversation, and to whom she presently gave what appeared to be a packet, then hastily motioned him to begone, which command he obeyed. For a few seconds she watched his departing form, then burst into bitter tears and flung herself, face downwards, on the ground in most passionate grief.

The lady writhing on the sward was Mabel Fortescue; in her late companion Barrett had recognized his bitter and unscrupulous foe, Pierce Crofton, of Crofton Park!

"This way, Teeling—the business here is more urgent than that of drilling recruits."

The pair started in pursuit of the departing figure. They passed, all unnoticed or unheeded by her, within a few yards of the grief stricken lady in black. In a few minutes they had almost come up with Crofton, who was making for a spot in Lucan Park where a horse was seen secured by the bridle to a tree. He seemed unaware of his being pursued until the voice of Barrett rang out a few yards behind him.

"Stand, Mr. Crofton, and surrender."

Quick as thought the squire turned, drew a pistol from his bosom and fired, then broke into a swift run for the horse. His aim had been unsteady, but the ball seared Barrett's arm.

Suddenly, alarmed by the shot, a French sentry started as it were from the ground and confronted the fugitive with his bayonet at the charge.

"Stand aside!" shrieked Crofton; "I am a friend; the password is Cornwallis!"

But the sentinel, recognizing the pursuers, held him at his weapon's point until their grip was upon his collar, when the squire turned pale, and trembled in every limb. A corporal's guard came up and secured him, his person was searched, and one of the first articles that came to light was the mysterious packet which he had so lately received at the base of the old tower.

At sight of it in the hands of the insurgent leaders great beads of perspiration gathered on his brow. He tried to articulate, but in vain.

"A spy taken in the act!" commented Teeling, as he examined the contents of packet. "Humbert is likely to make short work of him. Men, take him to the prevot."

Crofton, a deathlike look on his features, was marched away, a French soldier leading his horse in the rear of the procession.

The packet was found to contain some documents in female handwriting, setting forth with graphic exactness the situation in Castlebar, the nature of the town's present defenses, the approximate strength of the French troops occupying it, the probable number of the insurgents, and also the direction in which the army would be next likely to direct its march, with the day on which it would probably start. There was also a list of insurgent officers, the names of the more prominent ones being marked with crosses in red ink. Altogether it was a most damning proof that treachery was afoot in Castlebar.

Barrett experienced a sense of trepidation as he considered the dread penalty which had been incurred by both writer and bearer of these dispatches.

"There seems to be some mystery in this," remarked the etat-major. "The writer is, of course, the lady in black. Could the reason of her sudden fit of grief be that she repented her act of treachery? Anyhow, she is almost certain to meet the fate of her confederate."

"No, Teeling—for heaven's sake no! We must save her life if possible. Indeed, she is hardly responsible for her actions; her brother, whom she dearly loved, was wounded—I fear mortally—in the skirmish at Rossetk, since which her head is well nigh turned with grief."

"What!—then she is *la belle* Fortescue, whom we were all surprised to see enjoying herself at the ball last night."

"Her enjoyment was of a peculiar kind, on the occasion," said Barrett—"a morbid contemplation of the speedy doom which she is convinced awaits us all. And now allow me, apropos of this, to explain the cause of my early disappearance last night. He briefly related the substance of his conversation with Miss Fortescue at the ball and his unpleasant *rencontre* with the French second in command.

"Sarazin is an insolent military excrescence," said his companion after he had listened in surprise, "and you have shown a great deal of forbearance, which, by the way, this lady does not seem inclined to respect. Her grief takes a very strange and dangerous channel in seeking to betray us to the enemy, and furnishing the English hangman with a red list. Barrett, you must allow me to see and deal with her. It is easy to discover where she is staying. Trust me I shall exercise due humanity and discretion. As for her accomplice, he must be dealt with by court-martial."

The pair then separated.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh na Seaiga.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Nior fhulaing Fionn cur na ngeas,
Nochtas a chneas ba geal glé,
Chualdh go bruach na locha shnámh
D'fhurálleamh mná na m-bas réidh

Do chuartuigh an loch fa chúig
Nior fhág sé aon eiúid no cearnn,
Go d-tug an fáinne tar ais,
Thuit ó láimh na ngruaidh ndearg.

Tráth fuair an fáinne tar ais
Ní fáinic leis teacht go bruach,
Trá rinneadh seandóir orion liath
Do righ na bh-Fiann ger chéim chruadh.

Do bhíodhmairne Fianna Finn,
A n-Aimbuin shlim na sluagh séimh,
Ag imirt fitchiolí 's ag ól,
Ag cios ceoil 's ag bronnadh séad.

Eiricheas Caoilte ameasg cháich,
D'fhiafraigh ós árd do gach fear,
"An bh-faca mac Chúmhail fhéil
A bhuidhean shéimh na sleagh sean?"

Eiricheas Conán mac Mórna,
"Ní chuala riamh ceol deb' aoibhne,
Má tá Fionn air farraidh,
Go raibh a m-bliadhna, a Chaoilte.

Mac Chúmhail ma theasduigh uait,
A Chaoilte chruaidh na g-cos caol,
Gabhaimse orm do láimh,
Os cionn cháich bheith dá éis."

Do bhídhmar an Fhiann fá bhrón,
Fá chíoun an sloigh bheith d'ár n-dith,
Gur mhaoidh orrainn gean gáire,
Is ddúna b'á ihbhar do bheith ag caoi.

Gluaistear linn uile amach,
Buidhean calma na g-cath g-cruaidh,
Air lorg a chon agus Fhinn,
Triur grian do bheireadh buadh.

Bhídheas-sa a's Caoilte air d-tús,
'S an Fhiann go dlúth air ndáil,
Go Sliabh Guilione ó thuaidh
Go d-tugamar buaidn air chách.

Amarca dá d-tugamar uainn,
D'éis na ruag cidh chí an Fhiann
Air bhruach an locha fa bhróa,
Acht seandóir mór 's é liath.

Do chuadhmar uile ,una dháil,
A's chuirfeadh gráin air gach fear,
Cnamha loma ds bhí erion,
Air g-ceileadh a ghnaoi 's a ghean.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

How I Made My Start.

You must have lots of boy readers who would like to hear of my experience and how I started in business. I am 14 years old, and my father is dead and my mother is an invalid, so I had to leave school and earn some money. I saw in your paper the experience of William Evans, and how he made money plating knives, forks and spoons, and I thought I would try the plating business, so I sent to H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and got a $5 Lightning Plater. It came by express and is a beautiful machine. In one week I did $13 worth of work and last week I was sick and only made $11. The price received for plating is nearly all profit and the work is very nice. Every person has gold, silver or nickel plating to do and I hope to start a little store soon. If any of your boy readers will benefit by my experience in starting in business I shall be very glad. JAMES ANDERSON.

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

Harvest Excursions.

Two genuine Harvest Excursions will be run from Chicago and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to points in Western Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, on Aug. 25 and Sept. 29. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on the tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens will be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

LYNCHED A MURDERER.

The Slayer of Farmer Meighan Hanged to a Tree.

THE WORK OF A WISCONSIN MOB.

Two Hundred Neighbors of the Murdered Man Overpower the Sheriff, Batter Down the Jail Doors, and Make Short Work of the Trembling Culprit—The Father of the Wretch Thinks the Lynching Is Quite Just and Right.

DARLINGTON, Wis., Sept. 22.—The body of Anton Sieboldt, who brutally murdered James Meighan, a well known farmer, is lying in the undertaking establishment where it was taken from the tree on which Sieboldt was hanged at noon Monday by a mob. The murder which resulted in the lynching was committed on a farm in the town of Willow Springs, two miles north of Darlington, at 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon. Meighan was a farmer, living about six miles north of the city, in the town of Willow Springs, and was building a new house. Sieboldt was a farm laborer, working for J. W. Ray on an adjoining farm. Meighan came to the city to get a load of lumber and Sieboldt came with him. Toward evening they started together for home on a load of lumber. From what was learned later it appears that the men got into a fight on the wagon and continued until Meighan was killed, his face being beaten into a jelly. The weapon supposed to have been used was the wagon hammer.

Claimed Self-Defense.

Some passers-by saw the finishing act of the tragedy, and Sieboldt said: "He tried to kill me, but I have finished him in good shape." He then unhitched the horses, and, riding one and leading the other, started home. He was overtaken by the officers at the Furnace springs, arrested, and brought to this city. A mob gathered at the jail with the avowed intention of lynching Sieboldt, but the sheriff took the murderer to Monroe, Green county, for safe-keeping. There he remained until Monday, the date set for his preliminary hearing, when he arrived in town on the morning train and was placed in the jail. Monday morning people began to arrive in the city by twos and threes and half-dozens, until a crowd of fully 200 excited persons, neighbors of the murdered man, were in the village. At noon, however, it was evident that the mob which had gathered about the jail meant business.

Demanded the Keys.

Cries of "Give us the keys," "Bring out the prisoner," "Open the door," "Batter down the doors," etc., were raised on every hand. The prisoner, who was confined in one of the strongest iron-bound cells in the jail, heard the cries and shouts of the mob, and trembled, and moaned, and shrieked alternately. The demands for the keys were ignored by the sheriff and his deputies. The doors were locked and protected by heavy bars. When the mob saw that the doors of the jail would not be thrown open they procured axes and sledges and attacked the panels of oak and maple. Barriers gave way one after another. The sheriff and the jailer attempted to protect the prisoner, but were overpowered in an instant and disarmed. Straight toward the cell where the doomed man was cowering rushed the men who had determined to avenge Meighan's murder. The iron bars gave way like pipestems.

In the Mob's Power.

A rope was in hand and a noose was put around the man's neck. Out of the jail hurried the shouting throng, hustling the prisoner through the corridor and out into the courthouse square. There was a halt, but for an instant; then the rope was over the limb and half a hundred willing hands were jerking the struggling form of the murderer upward. The lynchers quickly dispersed. But in their places came hundreds to see the body of the murderer and inspect the jail and the scene of the hanging. The affair caused tremendous excitement. Sieboldt's aged father and mother, who live in the town of Elk Grove, arrived in the city shortly after the hanging, for the purpose of attending the examination. When told that his son had just been hanged the father said that it was probably just and right. There was a sad scene in the jail, where the body was first carried, and where the parents saw it.

THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

Little To Be Learned of the Movements of the Revolutionists.

SAN ANTONIA, Tex., Sept. 22.—Dr. Plutarcho Ornelas, the Mexican consul in this city, has received instructions from President Diaz to keep himself fully informed in regard to the progress of the revolution in northern Mexico. But very little can be learned of the movements of the revolutionists, however. They are known to be marauding between Mier and Matamoras, and it is reported they have committed many depredations. The incendiary circular spread broadcast by the revolutionists is having effect and secret rebel organizations are said to be forming in many places. These will join the uprising against Diaz when opportunity offers. The Mexican officials claim that the present invasion was the result of the efforts of General Sanetoval and Catrino Garza. The latter was a particular friend of General Martinez, who was assassinated a few months ago at Laredo, Tex., as is claimed, by hired agents of the Diaz administration. There was no engagement near Monterey Sunday, as reported.

No Revolution in Mexico.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—The Herald's City of Mexico correspondent telegraphs that he has interviewed the secretary of war in regard to the reported revolution in the northern province of Mexico, and that the official assures him that there is nothing even resembling a revolution in that section

Young Hopkins on Deck.

BOSTON, Sept. 22.—Timothy Hopkins, who will contest the will of Mrs. Searles, has arrived in Boston from New York. He would say but little in reference to the coming legal battle, but judging from what he did say he intends to make a stubborn fight for what he considers are his rights.

President Bogran Not Assassinated.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—A special cable dispatch to The Herald from San Salvador says the reports about the assassination of President Bogran of Honduass are utterly false.

WON BY HER KINDNESS.

The Good Fortune Which Befell a Georgia Girl.

ATLANTA, Sept. 22.—Richard Hornig, a poor German, settled near Anstell some time ago. He was an honest, hard-working farm laborer and won the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He received but little attention from the women in the settlement. But there was one poor girl, Miss O'Shields, who was always kind to the stranger, and their friendship soon ripened into love. As they were both very poor marriage was not thought of. Not long ago a letter with a foreign stamp arrived at the Anstell postoffice, directed to Richard Hornig. It announced to him the death of his father in Germany and that he was sole heir to 3,000,000 marks. Mr. Hornig visited Germany, had no trouble in getting his fortune, and returned to Anstell last week.

His Heart Was Still True.

Of course this change in his condition made a marked change in the reception accorded him. But his heart was still true to the little woman who had been his friend when he was a poor stranger, and he made her his wife. Miss O'Shields was taken from the cottonfield and arrayed in silk and fine linen and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could buy. Her husband says that he intends to send her to the best schools in the Old World to fit her for her new life. When asked why he did not marry an educated girl, Mr. Horning replied that such showed him no attention when they thought him a penniless stranger, and he would always feel, should he be marry one of them, that his wife wanted him only for his money. He knew the bride he had selected truly loved him, and this, he said, was what he desired above all else.

SAYS IT IS BLACKMAIL.

Terrible Charge Against an Allamakee County, Iowa, Man.

MASON CITY, Iowa, Sept. 22.—Allamakee county is greatly excited over the diabolical crime alleged to have been committed by Maurice Bresnahan, an old man of 70. While the funeral of his wife was in progress the old man returned home, whereas Mrs. Timothy Bresnahan had remained to straighten up matters about the house. The latter is no relative of the accused. He assaulted her and succeeded in outraging her while the interment of his late wife was taking place.

Suit for Damages Commenced.

The old man was placed under arrest as soon as friends of Mrs. Bresnahan returned from the funeral and suit was commenced for damages. He was also indicted by the grand jury and his property attached. The old man is wealthy and claims there is a blackmailing scheme behind the whole business. It is said that Bresnahan, when he perpetrated the outrage, was drunk. He has been released from custody and is now out on bail.

Largest Cargo of Corn.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 22.—The steamer E. C. Pope is now bound down from Chicago with a cargo of 126,000 bushels of corn, by far the largest cargo ever carried on the lakes. The immense grain crop is giving the lake fleet all it can do, and carrying rates have advanced from the lowest on recoad early in the season to 3¾ cents a bushel on wheat from Chicago to Buffalo. The demand for grain carriers had the effect of drawing many vessels out of the ore trade, and rates on ore have gone up with those on grain, so that the season will average well for lake vessel men, notwithstanding the discouraging outlook in May.

Could Not Catch McLean.

NEW WESTMINISTER, B. C., Sept. 22.—A unique acquatic contest place here Monday between Ed Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman of the world, and Alex McLean, champion oarsman of British Columbia. McLean, who rowed in a lap streak skiff, was given 500 yards start while Hanlan used a racing shell. The race was for $300 a side and the distance was three miles with a turn. Hanlan did splendid work in the race but could never catch McLean, who won easily by three lengths. McLeans time was 19:20, while Hanlan covered the distance in 19:3½ 1-5, which is half a second better than his best record.

Fair Ground Stables and Horses Burned.

DALLAS, Tex., Sept. 22.—The fair ground stables, containing 320 stalls, burned Monday. Two large barns of H. B. Sanborn, with contents, including twelve fine horses, were consumed. Sanborn's loss is estimated at $30,000. There were seven horses besides those of Mr. Sanborn lost in the flames, including the celebrated trotting horse, Welks. He was rescued from a perilous position, but afterward escaped from the stable boy and plunged into the fire. The association's stable will be rebuilt at once.

Sustained the Hoke Patent.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 22.—Judge Thayer has rendered a decision in the United States circuit court in the case of the Hoke Engraving Plate company against Carl Shraubstadter, Jr., for infringement of patent on engraving plates, sustaining the Hoke patent, granting an injunction against the manufacture and sale, and ordering an accounting. These plates are a chalk coating on a hard base plate and are in general use by over 1,000 newspapers in this country and Europe.

Michigan Mine Disaster.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 22.—Peter Folleste, John Gilbert and Eric Jarvola were taking down two pillars of ore directly over the mouth of No. 6 shaft at the Republic mine Monday morning, when the ground gave way beneath them and they went headlong down the shaft. Another fall of ground from the foot wall covered the shaft again. It will be days and weeks before the bodies can be recovered, as this shaft was a wreck from the recent fire.

Killed His Wife and Then Himself.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—Oscar Gundmann of 43 Ontario street, Tuesday morning shot and killed his wife and then ended his own life in the same manner. He was insanely jealous of his wife and the couple had frequent quarrels. A week ago he cruelly beat his wife. The woman sought police protection and Gundmann was held to keep the peace.

Celebrated Their Golden Wedding.

MARTINSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller celebrated their golden wedding here Sunday. They were married in Cincinnati fifty years ago. Mr. Miller is a Prussian. Both are about 73 years of age. Their eldest son fell in the memorable Custer massacre.

HOLOCAUST AT CHICAGO.

Eight Lives Lost in a Tenement House Fire.

HEROIC WORK OF THE FIREMEN.

They Succeed in Saving the Lives of Several People, but Seven Persons are Smothered to Death in Their Beds, Five of Them Being of One Family—Five People Killed in a Wreck on the Union Pacific Road.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—A fire at 549 and 551 Sedgwick street at 1 o'clock Saturday morning caused the death of eight persons, all of whom were smothered in their beds by the dense smoke that filled the burning structure. The fire ran its course in less than hour, but the fatalities resulting exceed by far the list of victims by any fire in Chicago this year. Those who lost their lives were: Robbie Burns, 12 or 15 years old, taken from the rear room on the second floor; John Schalk, mechanic, 45 years old, taken from the rear of the third floor; Mrs. Schalk, 42 years old, with Mr. Schalk; Annie Schalk, 15 years old; John Schalk, 12 years old; James Henry Schalk, 8 years old, and unknown woman. Cynthia Schalk, 17 years old, was taken to the German hospital, and cannot recover. The fire originated in the rear of the first floor, which was occupied by William Keafits as a bakery. It is thought to have caught from one of the bake ovens. It spread to a shed in the rear in which was a quantity of hay and straw. From this it ran up the rear stairway and into the sleeping rooms of the people on the second and third floors.

Occupants of the Building.

The front rooms of the second floor were occupied by John Rondo, his wife, and two children, all of whom escaped without injury. The rear was occupied by Mr. Keafitz, the owner of the bakery and two bakers, Reginstein and Rosefeld. The Schalk and Burns families occupied the rear of the third floor. The fire was discovered by Officer De Leale, who was traveling his beat along Sedgwick. As soon as the firemen arrived ladders were thrown up to the windows of the third floor where two women were calling for help. As the fireman was within a few feet of the top of the ladder one of the women jumped, and in catching her the fireman nearly lost his balance. He was saved by Officer De Leale, who was on the ladder below him. Together they carried the woman, who had fainted, to the ground. She was taken to a neighboring house and cared for. The fireman then ascended to secure the second woman, and he was none too soon, for as he lifted her from the window the flames rolled out after her.

The First Body Found.

William Keafitz and his family escaped from the second floor by ladders. As soon as Keafitz reached the ground he urged the firemen to renew their efforts, as the house was full of people. The first body discovered was that of a boy, 12 to 15 years old, supposed to be Robbie Burns. The body was taken to the Milwaukee avenue morgue in the patrol wagon. Then the firemen made their way to the rooms where the Schalk family lived. It was at first supposed the entire family had perished, but after taking the bodies into the open air it was found that Cynthia, one of the daughters, was breathing. A faint flutter could be felt at the heart of Mrs. Schalk, though her face and neck were badly burned. The bodies were all taken to a drug store and restoratives applied. The druggist said the lives of both Mrs. Schalk and Cynthia might be saved if they were at once removed to the hospital.

Death of Mrs. Schalk.

Every effort possible was made to get a patrol wagon or ambulance, but for some unknown reason neither could be secured. Inspector Hathaway was on hand and went to the patrol box himself, but it was full half an hour before the wagon came and by that time Mrs. Schalk was dead. The daughter, however, appeared to be improving and was hastily conveyed to the German hospital. A queer feature of the fire was the fact that no information could be gained in the neighborhood as to who lived in the building, and it was over an hour after the bodies were carried out. The people who escaped the fire could not tell the names of the people who were in the flats with them. The building was a three-story and mansard brick structure and was owned by Mr. Deppe. The damage, it is estimated, will amount to between $8,000 and $3,000, including the contents. The loss is fully covered by insurance.

LATER.—Cynthia Schalk died at 4:30 Saturday, thus wiping out the whole family.

OTHER DISASTERS.

Nine People Meet Death in a Wreck on the Union Pacific.

BOISE CITY, Id., Sept. 21.—A disastrous wreck occurred on the Union Pacific at Port Neuf, a station six miles from Pocatello, passenger trains Nos. 1 and 2 colliding, killing five persons and seriously injuring several others. The killed are: L. Wildemeir, mail clerk, and four Indians from Fort Hall reservation. The injured are: Charles Hoyt, engineer; Christopher Mackenzie, P. P. Gunderson, Mail Clerk Lyons, two trampe and a squaw. Lyons was fearfully scalded and received internal injuries. Engineer Hoyt had his shoulder blade broken and is badly bruised. Mackenzie and Gunderson both had their right arms broken and were terribly cut.

Disasters on the Deep.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 21.—There was a heavy storm in Labrador on Sept. 15. Two fishing vessels, the Parsee and the Amason, were wrecked, and seven men were drowned. In the same gale the schooner Blossom struck Gull island, Notre Dame bay, and went to pieces. Five men and one woman were drowned. News of further disasters is expected.

Perished in the Flames.

EAST PEPPERELL, Mass., Sept. 21.—The house and farm buildings occupied by Peter Monroe, colored, on the Nason estate, were burned. Loss, $3,500. A daughter of George Washington, colored, aged 4 years, was burned to death, and a Monroe girl of the same age was very seriously injured.

Killed by a Falling Stone.

SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 21.—Friday morning Gilbert Goneau, aged 30, was struck on the head by a stone falling from the sixth story of a new building and instantly killed.

BALMACEDA IS DEAD.

Great Rejoicing in Valparaiso Over the Event.

VALPARAISO, Sept. 22.—The suicide of Balmaceda Saturday at the Argentine legation, where he had been in hiding, caused great rejoicing in this city. He left letters behind him in justification of the course he had pursued in the Chilian war, believing he was in the right. He also spoke a good word for Minister Egan. Balmaceda's body has been removed to the general cemetery. It was accompanied by the members of the family and friends. The widow of the dead ex-president was informed of his tragic ending by her brother, Domingo Torro. There is a guard stationed at the cemetery.

Did Not Board the San Francisco.

Since the fall of Valparaiso and the surrender of Santiago there has been many rumors about the movements of Balmaceda. Just before the San Francisco sailed last Monday it became known that Balmaceda had been smuggled on board the warship and would be safely at sea. It was too late to go on board the San Francisco and make personal inquiries. That vessel was just getting ready to weigh anchor. But the story of Balmaceda's alleged disguise as a drunken sailor in a uniform said to have been furnished by Admiral Brown was so circumstantial and seemed so plausible that it could hardly be doubted. Unfortunately for the now dead ex-president he did not escape on board the San Francisco, but despairing of his ability to get away, and fearing the vengeance of his enemies, took his own life.

MET DEATH PEACEFULLY.

Ex-Congressman Scott Dies After a Lingering Illness.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 22.—Ex-Representative William L. Scott of Erie, Pa., died at midnight Saturday night. The body was sent to Erie, Pa., by special train for interment. He had grown worse during the last day or two, and at 11 o'clock at night he was so low that the attending physicians decided to remain by his bedside all night. As it was the first time that this precaution was taken it was feared by the family and inquiring friends that the end was near, and at midnight he passed off quietly.

W. L. SCOTT.

The remains of the dead congressman were placed in the drawng-room car Atlanta attached to the train that left here at 10:20 on the Old Colony road. Members of the family and servants who came here with the deceased accompanied the body.

ODD FELLOWS ON PARADE.

Imposing Ceremonies at the Mound City.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 22.—With daybreak Monday morning train after train loaded with delegates and commands, who came to attend the opening of the Odd Fellows biennial conclave, steamed into the depot. The arrivals numbered some eleven thousand. The city is filled with Odd Fellows, and the elaborate programme which has been prepared will furnish them with ample occupation in business and pleasure.

The Line of March.

The participants in the grand parade began to assemble on Lucas and Fourth streets long before the appointed hour for start. Without an exception, however, the paraders took their places in conformity with the programme, and at 2 o'clock the grand pageant moved down Fourteenth street to Washington avenue, thence east to Broadway, south to Chestnut, east to Fourth, south to Walnut, west to Broadway, north to Market, west to Sixth, north to Olive and west to the building where exercises were held in the evening. Along the route of the parade the streets were lined with spectators.

THE TREMBLING GLOBE.

Earthquake Shocks Felt on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 22.—Within the past two weeks four distinct shocks of earthquake have been felt, and in each instance the range of the tremors has been wide enough to extend into Oregon. The heaviest shock of all occurred Sunday morning, and was of a vibratory character, buildings being given a motion like a vessel in a light sea. The movement was from north to south and the duration three seconds. In the larger buildings the tremble struck terror to the inmates, and at the hotels many of the late rising guests appeared in the hallways en deshabille. It was with difficulty that many of the ladies could be persuaded to return to their rooms.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 21.—A slight earthquake shock was felt in this city Sunday morning at about 10:45 o'clock. It was accompanied by the usual detonations.

Peculiar Cattle Disease.

HUNTINGTON, Pa., Sept. 21.—The cattle in this and adjoining counties are being attacked with a peculiar and thus far unidentified disease, which in nearly every instance proves fatal. The disease first appeared about two weeks ago, and already hundreds of cattle have perished. When attacked the animal's head falls helplessly and its legs seem unable to bear the weight of the body. It is believed that the disease is a form of Texas splenic fever and was brought here by southern cattle.

Colonel King Sentenced to Death.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 18.—Colonel H. Clay King, one of the best known men of Memphis, must perish on the scaffold unless his sentence is commuted or the supreme court intervenes. Judge Dubose of the criminal court handed down his long delayed decision overruling the motion of King for a new trial. The prisoner was then brought before the bar and the sentence of death passed upon him, the date being fixed for Nov. 6. He received the sentence without a tremor.

Terribly Fatal Boiler Explosion.

CHARDON, O., Sept. 18.—A report has reached this city of the killing of three men at Montville, ten miles from here. The boiler in Vausises jelly factory exploded with terrific force, entirely demolishing the building. Later reports say that two little girls are among the killed. They were playing in a buggy near the factory.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Andrew Johnson, a policeman at Momence, Ills., shot himself. Business troubles the cause.

Johannes Van Hees, a pioneer of Zeeland, Mich., aged 82 years, drank fly poison by mistake and died.

A bill making prizefighting a high misdemeanor has been passed by the Tennessee legislature.

Saturday the visible supply of grain as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange was as follows: Wheat, 21,934,841 bushels; increase, 2,073,806 bushels; corn, 8,286,709 bushels; increase, 1,319,628 bushels.

All city departments at Chicago will have a half holiday Oct. 7, the date for unveiling the Grant monument.

The celebrated Lick observatory reveals 100,000,000 stars, and some of them are so small that it would require 30,000 of them to be visible to the naked eye.

Chebeaque island, in Casco bay, Me., has a population of over 4,000, nearly all of whom are named Hamilton. There are 900 people on the island who never saw a steam car.

There is a vigorous and determined movement on foot among the men in Philadelphia against the promiscuous surrendering of seats in public conveyances to women.

At Alliance, O., John Hannum, a farmer, kicked a small boy in the stomach, fatally injuring him.

The Fourth National bank of New York has received a shipment of $1,250,000 in gold from Europe.

A gold chain was found in a lump of coal that Mrs. S. W. Culp of Morristown, Ills., was about to put on her grate fire. The chain weighed eight pennyweights and was only half imbedded in the coal, one end hanging loose.

One hundred people of various ages, sizes and conditions, have been registered at Port Huron's calaboose during the pas six months.

Brown university has decided to admit women to its classes on the same conditions as men.

Examination of the books of Major J. S. O'Brien of Chattanooga, Tenn, embezzling treasurer of the Catholic Knights of America, developed the fact that he is short $64,000.

Rumors that President Fitzgerald of the Irish National league was insane are denied by Secretary John P. Sutton.

Wind wrecked the Tracy block, which is being erected at Akron, O., killing William Stauffer and seriously injuring three other persons.

Judge Glenn, of Monmouth, Ills., has granted a temporary injunction restraining the new board of trustees of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen from examining the books of the secretary.

Yellow fever is said to be raging at Rio Janeiro.

A French mechanic committed suicide because he had lost the power to drink. He left a letter saying: "One small glass of liquor makes me ill now. As I cannot live without drinking, I am killing myself."

The wine grape yield in California this season is enormous.

The supply of natural gas at Pittsburg is becoming exhausted.

Owing to the complete lack of farm laborers in West Prussia the government has permitted the importation of Russian Poles from the Warsaw district into Prussia for the purpose of agricultural labor.

Nebraska City, Neb., is flooded with spurious $5 gold pieces and silver dollars.

Harmon Smith of Vermilion county, Ills., was run over by a Wabash train at Danville and both legs were crushed below the knee.

Eel township, Logansport, Ind., has voted for the appropriation of $40,000 for the Indianapolis, Logansport and Chicago railroad. It carried by 714 majority.

President Harrison has returned to Washington.

Suits against the Philadelphia Press, Inquirer, News, German Democrat, North American and Evening Bulletin has been begun by the attorney general to recover the sums of money alleged to have been paid as rebates to the persons who procured for the afore-mentioned papers the advertisement of the mercantile appraisers' list.

Charles Owens of Kaneville, Ills., while out hunting was fatally wounded. In through a hedge his gun was crawling discharged, the load entering his back.

Earnings of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for the month of August were $2,352,589, an increase of $58,597.

All the druggists in Boone, Ia., excepting two were indicted for liquor selling by the grand jury.

Agents of the coal producing companies met at New York and ordered prices advanced 10 to 25 cents per ton Oct. 1.

The Oregon hop crop will be short about 10,000 bales. The hop louse is to blame.

The damage caused by the flood at Consuegra, Spain, is estimated at $2,500,000. Bodies of the victims are dumped by scores in common trenches.

Victor Burnworth was mortally wounded in a struggle with five burglars in his store at North Washington, O.

During a quarrel at Shullsburg, Wis., Tony Baldwin shot Thomas McArdle, inflicting fatal wounds. Baldwin cannot be found.

Aug Schultz blew his brains out at Appleton, Wis.

The Lebold & Fisher bank of Abilene, Kan., which failed for $500,000 two years ago, have declared a dividend of 2 per cent., making 4 per cent. so far paid.

The sixty-eighth annual session of the Illinois M. E. conference is in session at Bloomington.

Ex-County Treasurer Peterson of Black River Falls, Wis., was found dead in his stable with a bullet in his brain. It is believed he shot himself by accident.

At Southampton, England, $800,000 in silver has been landed that was shipped by ex-President Balmaceda of Chili to pay for war materials.

Edward Buckner, aged 20, accidentally shot himself at Butternut, Wis., and died a few hours later.

A squad of Philadelphia policemen have been furnished with "safeties" with which to ride over ther beats.

The steamer Fuerst Bismarck arrived at Southampton Thursday morning 6 d. 12 h. and 58 m. from New York. This lowered the best previous record.

The composing stick used by Benjamin Franklin when at work in a London printing office is now owned by an Englishman.

At a meeting of the Western Base Ball association at Kansas City it was decided that the league season ended when the Omaha team disbanded, and that Sioux City won the championship.

President Harrison has been informed that England is making preparations to take possession of the kingdom of Hawaii.

Muskegon, Mich., is to have a new $85,000 courthouse.

The First National bank of Lead, S. D., capital $50,000, has been authorized to begin business.

Lieutenant Governor Jones of New York announces that he considers it his duty to oppose the election of Flower to such an extent as he was able, and in such a manner as might seem best to accomplish his purpose.

M. de Freycinet, the premier of France, had a chill and it caused a depression on the bourse.

Dennis Sullivan was lodged in jail at Rico, Colo., for being drunk. He set fire to the building, which was destroyed, while he was burned to a crisp.

Mr. Foley, a member of the British parliment whose wife is in the poorhouse, has agreed to pay 12 shillings 8 pence weekly to the poor law guardians for her maintenance.

A Chinaman at Sacramento attempted to stab Bob Fitzsimmons for having interferred with him when he was chasing some boys with a butcher knife.

John Parker of Detroit hit 166 birds straight at Knoxville, Tenn.

Efforts to reconcile Emperor William to Prince Bismarck have failed.

At Big Rapids, Mich., 3,000,000 feet of lumber belonging to the Rodney Lumber company were burned. Loss, $25,000; partially insured.

Net profits of the Bank of England for the six months ended Aug. 21 were $763,538.

The Leitzman Sorghum Manufacturing company have put in operation the largest plant in the world at Mooresville, Ind. It has a capacity of 1,000 gallons daily.

Sixty Russian Jews, twenty being children, have reached Vienna in a destitute condition. They wanted to camp in the streets, but the police provided them with lodgings for one night.

The Mexican government has declared the concession granted to Messrs. Ellis and Ferguson for the colonization of negres in Mexico forfeited, on account of non-compliance with the contract.

Governor Hovey of Indiana was the orator of the day at the soldiers' runion at Mitchell, Ind. About 5,000 people were present.

Samuel Wilson, the Deadwood, S. D., stock broker who ran away a week ago with $800 which had been intrusted to him, was arrested at Chadson and taken back to Deadwood. He was held for trial. He had lost all the money gambling.

Preparations for the microscopical examination of pork for export at Kansas City are complete, and work will begin next week. Women will be employed exclusively.

Amos Chapman, an Indian scout, quarreled with two cattle herders on the Cherokee strip at Keystone, and killed both men. Their names were Sharp and Mason.

The French pilgrims, whose visit to the Vatican in such large numbers has afforded such gratification to the pope, have furnished a substantial memorial of their visit in the shape of a present of 500,000 francs to Peter's pence on behalf of the French people.

Michael Welch, a marine engineer, aged 45 years, was found drowned in Muskegon Lake, Mich.

W. F. Murphy, of the New York Athletic club, broke a world's record at the Peoria, Ill., bicycle tournament by making two miles on a safety in 4:39 3-4, the former record being 5:11 1-5.

The United States has bought 182,000 acres of land in the Indian Territory of the Indians for 35 cents an acre.

Dispatches from Zanzibar state that Lieutenant Lettenborn and sixty-five survivors of the Zalewski expedition have arrived at Bagamoyo.

James Hart, a stockman at Oswego, Kan., was murdered in his bed. Mrs. Hart's first husband was murdered a few years ago.

Williams Evans, a farmer of New Ross, Ind., found a strange man in possession of his horse and wagon. The man refused to surrender it and Mr. Evans shot him, inflicting a fatal wound. The man gave the name of J. J. Rhineman, and it is thought he was insane.

Congressman W. M. Springer, of Illinois, addressed a Democratic meeting at Spencer, Iowa.

Diphtheria is prevalent in Fayette county, Ills. At Otega township several persons are sick and a child of Jonathan Pipers has died.

Charles W. Iseman of Garrett, Ind., was found dead near the Wabash track at Auburn, Ind. He had evidently been killed by a train.

At Gray's station, Ga., on the Macon and Northern road, Clark Smith, a painter, killed Ezekiel Cribb, another painter.

The church of the Seven Dolors was dedicated at Buffalo. There was an immense attendance, thousands of Catholic Knights participating in the affair.

Four powerful steam tugs pulled across Niagara river from Buffalo to Black Rock about 3,500 feet of gas pipe coupled together, thus giving the Erie County Natural Gas company connection with its fields in the Dominion.

Joseph Harper and Herbert Thompson, colored, were drowned at Peoria by the capsizing of a boat.

Charles R. Hodges was installed as rector of Grace church at Galesburg, Ills., Bishop Burgess officiating.

Martin Hall was arrested at La Grange, Ind., charged with the murder of Sheridan Hughes by poisoning him.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

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100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Co.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Macaroni."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Minnie Hauk Grand Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The City Directory."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Duff Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hallen & Hart.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Limited Mail."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—James A. Wallick.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—"Lights and Shadows."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"Lost in New York."

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan avenue, Adams and Monroe streets. Open 8 a. m. to 16 p. m. daily except Sunday.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

GENERAL GRANT'S ANCESTRY.

The statue of Gen. Grant at Lincoln Park will be unveiled on Oct. 7—the twentieth anniversary of the great Chicago fire—and will be a festival of national importance. As the physical Grant vanishes from our gaze, the genius of the man becomes more prominent. He it was, more than any other,—it might be said more than all others—who was chiefly instrumental in saving this country from disintegration and political nonentity. He can no more be forgotten than Washington, and time instead of dimming will only illumine the greatness of his genius.

Gen. Grant says in his memoirs that the most remote ancestor of his whom he can trace came to this country from England in 1630. This may be true, but Grant is not an English name. It is purely and entirely Irish and Celtic. Hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of Irish immigrants to this country, have embarked from English ports, and there was nothing strange in one of Gen. Grant's ancestors having done so.

It is admitted by many American writers that Grant is a Scotch name, and so it is; but it is vastly more Irish than Scotch; there are five people named Grant who are of Irish birth or blood to the one of Scotch birth or blood. The name evidently originated in Ireland, and in old Gaelic was written "MacGraint." This name occurs in an Irish manuscript of certainly as early as the twelfth century; the manuscript was translated by the great Celtic scholar, John O'Donovan, and was published about thirty years ago by the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, under the title of "Fragments of Annals." Any one who doubts that Grant is an Irish name can get the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy" and he will see the name figuring in Irish annals in the seventh century.

Grant is one of the most common names in some parts of Ireland, particularly in the county Kilkenny. There is one parish in that county, where nearly 80 per cent of the inhabitants are, or at least were, called Grant. Because the name Grant is found in Scotland does not prove that is of Scotch origin. Those who know anything about the history of Ireland and Scotland—and they seem scarce indeed among Americans—must be aware that Scotland was, up to a comparatively recent period, hardly any more than a province of Ireland. Politically it was independent of Ireland, but its language and literature were Irish, and its social and political organization was Irish. When the word Scotland is used not the Highlands alone, but all Scotland is meant. There was hardly any Saxon or English spoken in any part of Scotland until the time of Malcom Ceanmor. He married an English princess, and she first introduced the Saxon language into the Scottish court. When England was conquered by the Norman-French, a multitude of Saxon nobles took refuge in Scotland, and, in the long run, Saxon supplanted Irish not only in the Scottish court, but in most parts of Scotland south of the Grampians. The modern degenerate Gaelic speaking people of Scotland made a desperate effort in the last century to prove they were not of Irish descent, and to prove that their language was not Irish. They went so far as absolutely to *invent* a new form of Gaelic that would be different from the language of Ireland; but the imposture has been thoroughly exposed. Up to the year 1760, not only was the Irish version of the Bible the only one in use among the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of Scotland, but every Gaelic book, without a single exception, printed in Scotland was printed in Irish Gaelic. Ireland is Scotland's mother country. It was the Irish that went to Argyleshire in the sixth century, who laid the foundation of the Scottish monarchy. In about 250 years after they had settled in Argyleshire, they brought the whole of Scotland under their sway, conquered Picts and Saxons, and whatever other races might have found a footing in it, and made it one kingdom under the sway of Kenneth MacAlpin, a lineal descendant of the Irish settlers in Argyle in the sixth century. These are historical facts, which THE CITIZEN challenges Scotch, "Scotch Irish," Americans, or any others to deny.

The only apparently non-Celtic blood in Gen. Grant's veins was derived from his mother, whose name was Simpson. This, in its present form, is not a Celtic name. The suffix *son* is not Saxon or English; it is Scandinavian; but hundreds of Celtic names beginning with *Mac* have been translated into English equivalents ending in *son*. Thus MacShane was made into Jackson and Johnson; MacAitken, commonly written MacGettygan, into Atkinson; MacTavish, into Thomson, and so on almost *ad infinitum*. Even allowing Grant's mother to have been wholly a Simpson, she could hardly have been a Saxon and was, if not of Celtic, of Dano-Scotch origin. Gen. Grant himself admits that his father's mother was a Miss Kelly, (See Grant's Memoirs Vol. 1, Cap. 1) than which no name could be more Celtic or more Irish. But, perhaps, the "Scotch-Irish" editors of Chicago may claim Kelly, or O'Kelly, as belonging to their breed.

Gen. Grant was a Celt; there was probably not a drop of Saxon or Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins. He was an Irish Celt, too, and his courage, genius and patriotism will shed everlasting glory on the noble, historic, but most unfortunate race from which he sprang.

PARNELL STILL FIGHTING.

That the inmost heart of Ireland, so far as what is termed constitutional action is concerned, is still with Mr. Parnell, his splendid reception by the people in Dublin, Mayo, and almost every point of the country he chooses to show himself at, clearly proves. Had he devoted himself as assiduously to winning her favor in the years that intervened between the Gladstone Home Rule bill of '86, and the defection of a majority of the alleged Irish party, as he has done since, he could not be overthrown by any force his enemies might bring against him. Why he did not do so, it is hardly necessary to say. It was, to him, a period of almost fatal inaction, while his enemies were on the watch to destroy him, as many another able Irish chief was destroyed in other times and by other means. It must be remembered, too, that Ireland has been more or less under English influence, if not actual domination, for more than seven centuries, and that for the last three hundred years all the political talent of England has been exercised to make Irishman jealous of and hate each other. Jealousy and personal dislike, not unmingled with a sneaking kind of ambition, fostered by the foes of Irish independence, both foreign and domestic, have had a great deal to do with the miserable revolution which has lately distracted Ireland. The Gladstone letter was a welcome pretext. It was more than that—an English dynamite bomb exploded against the rock of Irish unity, which it has shattered, if not permanently destroyed.

An editorial in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, which is now classed among the deserters, under date of September 7, says: "Mr. Parnell arrived from England on Saturday evening, and left the Broadstone by the mail train for the West at half past seven o'clock. The concourse of people crowding to cheer him on his way, is described by on lookers to have been the largest and most enthusiastic that has yet assembled on any of those occasions of his setting out for his place of meeting. It is evident both from the magnitude and the fervid feelings of the gathering, that the adherents of Mr. Parnell are not diminishing in Dublin. He delivered a brief speech to the people. At Maynooth, at Enfield, at Mullingar and Athlone, despite the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather, the warmest reception awaited him and Mr. Petrick O'Brien, M. P., and the other friends travelling with him. They stayed at Castlerea on Saturday night, and the people of the town, headed by Mr. John Fitzgibbon, gave him a most cordial greeting. Mr. Luke Hayden, M. P., Mr. Parnell, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, and many of the people of Castlerea traveled to Westport next morning by special train, where a most impressive and representative demonstration was made in their honor. Addresses were presented, to which Mr. Parnell replied, at a meeting held indoors, and then, accompanied by Mr. Loudon, he proceeded to the great public assemblage, the proportions of which were immense."

In his speech at Castlerea, Mr. Parnell indulged in some of the humorous sarcasm regarding the seceders, for which he has become exceptionally famous. He said:

"You elected your representatives because you believed they voiced your aspirations—the aspirations of Ireland a nation (hear, hear)—because you thought that they were the best men that you could get, that they were men of political judgment and experience, of knowledge and capacity, of integrity and fixity of purpose. These gentlemen were called upon to decide this question, and, as I have shown, voluntarily, and of their own account, without any pressure or urging, or suggestion from me, they decided it in my favor (applause), the whole of them as a body. Then, gentlemen, I say this—their conduct in reversing that decision upon the same day that they made it, because they were ordered to reverse their decision by an English minister and an English party, is the most discreditable episode that has ever happened in our history (applause), and it is no wonder that a county like Mayo, which has always been associated in history with great and courageous effort, whether on the field of battle or in the constitutional arena, should have declared, as I believe they will declare unanimously at the general election, that they will not tolerate the presence of any of those men within their borders.

A Voice—Orilly and Deasy will get the right about turn (cheers).

Mr. Parnell—And it would almost seem as if the higher you go in their ranks, the more one might have hoped for political knowledge and judgment and fixity of purpose—the more it is absent. Some of the seceders—the great majority of them—have only changed twice (laughter). But as regards the two gentlemen of whom I desire to speak with every respect—Messrs. Dillon and O Brien, they have changed four times (renewed laughter). They first of all took their side with the Leinster Hall meeting, and sent their manifesto over, and in the commencement of what I have to say about them I regret greatly that they should have meddled in the thing and attempt to influence a matter at long range. It would have been far better, and they would have preserved their powerful position in Irish politics which might have been of great use and advantage to the Irish people, if they had gone on with their American mission, and proceeded to gather in the hundreds of thousands of pounds which were waiting for them, before they interfered (hear, hear.) But they chose to send this cable to the Leinster Hall meeting endorsing what the meeting was going to do and endorsing my leadership. They took that course, they now say, not because they thought that what they recommended was right (hear, hear). They then changed again back and issued a manifesto of different character during the proceedings in Committee Room No. 15. Then coming over to Boulogne they executed a third change. They announced that nothing would induce them to join the seceding party who had so disgraced themselves by their language at elections in the course of this struggle (applause). Coming out after six months in prison again, without waiting to see any of their old friends, they executed their fourth change.

A Voice—The bishop's carriage was waiting for them (hear, hear.)

Mr. Parnell—And they joined the men whom they had announced months previously they would never agree to join. They swallowed all this evil language, and forgot their previous declarations and their previous scruples. The whole conduct of these gentlemen is such as to inspire, I consider, every liberty-loving and consistent Irishman with feelings of shame and regret.

THE CITIZEN is not quite certain that O'Brien and Dillon could have "gathered in a couple of hundred thousand pounds" in this country, even if they had not sent their demoralizing dispatch from this city to the other side of the water. The American Irish are not quite so ready to subscribe hundreds of thousands of dollars, for agitational purposes, as they used to be, nor have they been so disposed for several years. They have come to the conclusion that they were "worked" for all that was in them by all the emissaries that came here from Ireland during a dozen years, and that they got mighty little thanks for their liberality. Not satisfied with repudiating them in the British house of commons, plenipotentiaries extraordinary—very extraordinary—were sent out here to dictate to them in their national conventions, and to compel them to lie in their public resolutions concerning their real sentiments. THE CITIZEN does not say that Mr. Parnell was entirely responsible for this unpleasant state of affairs, but the Irish parliamentary party, as a body, was, and it only came around to treat the Irish-American people with common courtesy when its supplies from this country were cut off. Mr. Parnell took so little public part in Irish affairs for five years that the policy to which we allude may have been adopted during his quasi retirement, but during every debate in the English house of commons, where the names of prominent Irish Americans were mentioned by the English party in power, members of the Irish party were ready to jump to their feet and apologize for having been in their company, even when the object was to procure money for the purposes of agitation. It is no wonder that such conduct weakened Irish enthusiasm in America, and it is hardly more wonderful that the Irish "envoys," who made themselves so officious in denouncing or patronizing Irish-Americans in their own gatherings, should have deserted their leader at the first clap of English stage thunder.

Parnell has a great many faults—that he will hardly deny himself—but he is an able man, and a brave man. In the earlier days of his career, he never apologized to England for anything his countrymen might do or say against her, but when he permitted his party ranks to be filled at every recurring election with Whig journalists, having an eye to English approval; briefless barristers, having an eye to office under "the Crown;" and with timid novelists, who dearly love the visiting acquaintance of the Marchioness of Marshmallows or Lady Fitz Jenkins, it is no wonder that so poorly constructed a card house fell to pieces from what, from a national standpoint, may be regarded as small provocation. Had Mr. Parnell surrounded himself from the first with what are derisively called "the hill side men," he would have had a force on which he could, with few exceptions, rely in the moment of danger. It is worthy of notice that Mr. J. F. X O'Brien, M. P.—a man of very peculiar mold—is about the only true and tried ex Fenian of any prominence who has opposed Mr. Parnell in the hour of his misfortune.

MAJOR KIRKLAND'S STIRRING BOOK.

It has seldom been our lot to enjoy a good, home made book as much as that entitled "The Captain of Company K," from the pen of Major Joseph Kirkland, of the Chicago *Tribune*, and just issued from the press of the Dibble Publishing company, No. 360 South Clark street, this city. The plot is very simple, but there is enough of sweet true love in it to satisfy every reader who has ever had experience of the tender passion in its most sincere and least affected form. The heroine, Sally Penrose, is a charming American girl, full of common sense and womanly tenderness—qualities that do not always run together—and the hero, Captain William Fargeon, is a typical American volunteer officer, of the class that does not like war, but that fights like the old Crusaders, when animated by a high sense of duty, in the face of danger. The scene of the stirring novel is laid mostly in Chicago, at Cairo, Fort Donelson, and on the battle field of Shiloh. Major Kirkland tells his story simply, like a soldier. There is no straining after effect, and if, occasionally, he gives more of the mere *technique* of military tactics than is necessary, that slight fault may well be forgiven in one who has heard the word of command rise above the musketry of Corinth and the cannonade of Chickamauga.

The novelist enters, from the first, into the spirit of the private soldier. He depicts him, with the pencil of art, sharpened by rough experience, as he saw him in the hot and drowsy camp, on the thin and dreary skirmish line, where the "zip" of the hostile bullet could be easily heard above the reports of the scattering shots from the return fire, and in the fore front of "battle, murder and sudden death" among the bloody thickets at Shiloh church. The picture of the first day of that awful conflict is masterfully drawn—so masterfully and graphically that the reader can see the fugitives streaming by, and hear the ringing voice of McClintock, the veteran lieutenant of "Company K," as he keeps his men steady under fire, until a bullet through the neck stretches him upon the earth. Capt. Fargeon, who until then leaned upon his veteran hero of Mexico, seems inspired with a new life. He takes up what the fallen McClintock left unfinished, and, sustained by his surviving Irish American lieutenant, Barney Morphy, covers himself with glory, although sacrificing a limb as the price of it. One of the best characters in this remarkable military novel, which cannot help meeting with universal recognition, is the heroic little Irish orderly—also a Mexican veteran—named Mark Looney, whose devotion to his captain, Will Fargeon, is more than equal to that exhibited by Mickey Free toward Charles O'Malley.

We are of opinion that the very best passage in Major Kirkland's book is that in which he describes the mustering of the forlorn hope of the 6th Illinois for the assault on Fort Donelson, a movement found unnecessary because of the surrender which gave his first enduring glory to Gen. Grant. The picture of Capt. Fargeon, suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, causing himself to be carried in a litter to head the stormers of his own company, is a noble one, and illustrates what a military historian has well termed "the faithfulness unto death of the American soldier."

Major Kirkland's style is entirely original—graphic, with lights and shades of soldier character, showing the man constitutionally fearless, like McClintock or Looney; the man brave from a sense of duty, like Fargeon; the man who likes to reap glory from the exertions of others without endangering himself, like Col. Fuller; and the skulking, boastful coward—a fellow too often found in the very best of companies—like Dangong.

"The Captain of Company K" is dedicated by its soldier author "to the surviving men of the firing line, the men who could see the enemy in front of them with the naked eye, while they would have needed a field glass to see the history makers behind them."

The book is fully illustrated, the frontispiece being an excellent portrait of Major Kirkland himself.

REAR ADMIRAL M'CANN, of the United States navy, has, in an interview with a Washington newspaper correspondent, which has been widely published, entirely vindicated Minister Egan, from the attacks made upon him by his enemies in England and in this country.

P. W. Nally Testimonial.

A meeting of the committees of the Nally testimonial fund was held at Cline's Hall, corner of Huron and Wells streets, on Sunday last, to hear reports from the different committees appointed at the previous meeting. The committees reported very favorably, and stated that they were receiving generous recognition from all Irish Nationalists they had met. Mr. McLaughlin stated that a great many friends and admirers of Mr. Nally lived outside of this city and state, and suggested that THE CITIZEN should be made a medium to receive subscriptions from all wishing to subscribe to the fund.

A resolution was then adopted that THE CITIZEN receive subscriptions from all who wish to contribute to the fund. Subscription books were then distributed to the members of the different committees appointed at the last meeting, for the various districts of the city. On account of the time being so short to get the subscriptions together, it was requested by the officers in charge of the fund that the parties having subscription books bring them in at the meeting, so that all subscriptions can be published in the next issue of THE CITIZEN. All are requested to act promptly. The next meeting will be held at the same place on Sunday, Sept. 27, at 3 o'clock p. m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"THOMAS MAHER," Pittsburg, Pa.—The battle of the Curlew mountains, in which Red Hugh O'Donnell slew Gen. Clifford, governor of Connacht under Elizabeth, and destroyed his formidable army, was fought on Lady Day, Aug. 15, old style, 1599. This, we believe, is one of the reasons why that day has been selected for the Irish National demonstration held annually in Chicago since 1876. According to the new style of computing time, the date would be Aug. 27. For changes arising from the adoption of the Gregorian calendar by Great Britain and Ireland, in 1752, see any encyclopædia of general information. It can be found at the Public Library.

"M. M'MAHON," City—You were quite right in rebuking the insolence of the Knownothing idiot who called you a foreigner. A naturalized citizen of the United States, no matter where he was born, cannot be logically called a foreigner. Otherwise what would be the use of naturalization laws? An Irishman, or any other man, unnaturalized, is, technically, an alien to America, although, in spirit, he may be American to the core. The terms "alien" and "foreigner" are entirely out of place in describing any naturalized citizen, no matter what language may be his mother tongue. Tell your Knownothing friend to study more and talk less.

"SAXON IRISHMAN," Detroit, Mich.—It is impossible for a true Irishman to love England. Saxon or Celt, Norman, Dane, Cymrian, Firbolg—no matter what our fathers were—we must, of necessity, all hate England. Her hand has ever been against us, since 1169, no matter what our race. The Saxon Irish have no more reason to love her than the Celtic Irish. What is there about her to "love" anyway? She is a greedy hog and an unscrupulous tyrant. As American citizens we ought to have no more love for her than as Irishmen. She is the only enemy America ever had. By sword or stiletto she tried to destroy the republic in 1775, 1812 and 1861. As to her being "the mother country of America," and "the only true bulwark of European civilization," that is all bosh. The English, as a body, are the most brutalized, the most drunken, the most murderous, the most knavish, the most hypocritical, the most lecherous and the most cruel people, not excepting the Russians, in Christendom. Hang their "literature!" We can get along without it. The best of it, leaving out Shakespeare, is either Irish or Scotch.

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

Mr. Wm. Wallace, a shop assistant in the employment of Mr. James Bergin, Thurles, died on the 30 h ult., at the Mall, Thurles, from heart disease.

A very sudden death occurred recently in William street, Clonmel, of a respectable old man over 70 years of age, named John Moore. Deceased was speaking to his son in law when he suddenly dropped and expired. Dr. Kennefick certified that the cause of death was heart disease. Consequently no inquest was held. Deceased was an old and respected inhabitant of the town, and was for 47 years an employe of the Gas company.

A young woman—a native, it is said, of Castlecomer—a servant in the house of Mr. John Sheridan, the Cove, Tramore, was found dead in her bed recently. It appears that Mrs. Sheridan, on finding the girl not up at the usual hour about her business, went to the sleeping apartment occupied by her, for the purpose of calling her, when, to her great consternation, she found the girl quite lifeless. It appears that the young woman had had a very severe rheumatic attack about two months ago, from which she had not wholly recovered, and it is said heart disease was the cause of death.

Mr. John Malone, coroner, Cookstown, held an inquest in the courthouse, Aughnacloy, on the body of a farmer named James McAvinn, who lived about two miles from Aughnacloy, in the county Monaghan. He was in the fair the previous day, and was last seen about 9 p. m. in the evening. He was found dead next morning lying on the street, with a mark behind his ear. Dr. Phillips stated that he had made a post mortem examination. He could not account for the sudden death of deceased as all the organs of the body were perfectly healthy. Dr. Abraham corroborated the evidence of Dr. Phillips. The coroner said that very grave suspicions had been aroused in this case, and it was due to the friends of the deceased and the public as well that the matter should be investigated to the bottom. He therefore directed the analysis of the vital organs by Dr. Hodges and adjourned the court.

A young man named Debenham and his boatman went to Ballinahinch Lake, near Clifden, to fish. On arriving there they found their boat had broken loose from its moorings and drifted towards an island in the lake. The boatman set out for a lake some miles off to procure another boat, but after traveling some distance he heard Mr Debenham call him, and perceiving that he was stripped, inferred that he was going to swim for their boat to the island. On returning to the lake the boatman could find no trace of Mr. Debenham except his clothes, and the young man has not since made his appearance. It is believed that he was drowned, and the lake was dragged, but up to the present without result.

An inquest was held on the body of a girl named Margaret Rice, who resided in Ballialia, near Meigh. Her dead body was found in the Newry canal in a nude state. There was a deep wound on her forehead and a discoloration on the abdomen and chest. The evidence disclosed a peculiar story. It appears that deceased and her sister resided alone, and a short time ago both went to a neighbor's house and attacked a woman in a strange manner. The latter ran to a neighboring house followed by her assailants, who jumped on her and assaulted her. It was afterwards seen that both girls were mad. One of them strayed from home and the other was found straying in a demented state in Newry and arrested by the police. She was taken before a doctor, who pronounced her a lunatic. No intelligence was received of the other sister until a few days ago, when her body was found in the canal. The coroner said he would have to adjourn the inquest, as it was strange that the body was found, with wounds, four miles from deceased's residence with nothing but a chemise on. The inquest was then adjourned.

An inquest was held by John Reilly, coroner for Meath, on the body of a laborer named James Brady, who was found drowned at Stamun, in the river Boyne. The jury returned a verdict of found drowned, but added there was no evidence to show how the deceased got into the water.

Philip Goodfellow, who had been employed to drag the Newry canal in search of the body of a young man named Joe Wales, aged about 23 years, who resided at William street, Newry, and who had been missing from his home for some time, brought ashore the body of Wales, a few yards below the Sugar Island bridge, and near Sinclair's mill. The deceased, it appears, worked along the quays and on lighters.

Death of the Wife of Rev. G. W. Pepper.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, MILAN, Aug. 31.—*Editor Irish World, Sir:* You will be sorry to hear of the death of my beloved wife, who departed this life Friday, the 28th, after three weeks' illness. My poor wife never recovered from the terrible shock of the death of her youngest daughter, Carrie, and now, far away from her son and one other daughter, ill in Cleveland, she leaves me alone. Oh! how dark and mysterious are the ways of God. For thirty six years we have been together, sharing the misfortunes and the joys of life. She was 58 years old. The disease was conquered, but, oh, the old grip came back and completed the terrible work.

She shared all my sympathies for Ireland—even going so far, when the Queen's jubilee was being celebrated, of putting mourning up in the house.

When she thought of the fifty years of suffering and famine, and above all, when she remembered that when a child, after her father had been sick for seven years and died, her mother evicted, driven out upon the world.

Oh, my dear Mr. Ford, my dear wife was Irish all over, and your paper was always a welcome visitor.

I expect to leave Antwerp in the Rhynland, Red Star Line, September 5, with her precious remains, accompanied by my eldest daughter.

The other daughter, who is in Cleveland, and my sons, George and Charles, will meet me in New York.

My dear wife asked to be taken back to America, which she loved so well, to lie beside her daughter in Lake View cemetery, Cleveland.

Her last words were: "Oh, the beauty of heaven; there is no night there," and "God be with you until we meet again."

Oh, yes, my friend, this is awful. I hope to live long enough to reach America.
Yours. GEO. W. PEPPER.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Joseph Lennon, of this city, has just returned after a very pleasant trip to Ireland. He landed at Queenstown in the latter part of July and made a tour of the country which lasted three weeks. During that time he visited the cities of Cork, Dublin, Maryborough, Athlone, Galway, Westport, and other burghs of the south, east and west. It rained a little almost every day, something like the rainy season in California, but there was hardly a whole day of rain during Mr. Lennon's visit. The sun would come out brilliantly, and the birds would sing gleefully after a heavy shower. He attended the races at Galway, where the Lord Lieutenant, Zetland, was in attendance. The people did not insult that official, but he was received in dead silence by the masses, only a few of the aristocrats making a demonstration of welcome. The people who attended the races, and the rank and file of the population generally, looked healthy, strong and even prosperous. Some districts along the sea coast were in pretty bad condition and might need relief the coming winter. On the 15th of August, Lady Day, Mr. Lennon ascended to the very summit of Croagh Phadrig, generally called the Reek, owing to its cone like shape, situated above Clew Bay, and witnessed there the devotions of the people who throng "to do the stations" around St. Patrick's bed, which crowns the apex of the beautiful mountain. The view from the Reek, Mr. Lennon says, is enough to repay any traveler who may cross the Atlantic, and make a tour of Ireland. The great trouble is that most Americans and Irish Americans travel in a beaten path, follow the guide-book route, and miss the wondrous glory of the Connemara and Mayo highlands, the peaks of Donegal, and the charming scenery to be found in so many parts of the island never yet explored by the ordinary tourist. Mr. Lennon, having so recently seen his native land, is amazed that many more of her exiled children do not return to catch a smile from the clouded but still lovely face of her who bore them.

M. R. V. Kennedy, a very old and much respected citizen, who was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and who was known to nearly every public man in this city and, in fact, throughout the State, was accidentally killed by the Illinois Central cars, while crossing the tracks in returning from a fishing excursion, last Saturday evening. Mr. Kennedy leaves two grown up children, who reside here. He was in his 72d year, and was born in Ohio.

Justice David J. Lyon, one of the best known of Chicago jurists, was married on Monday evening to Miss Jungblut, a prominent young society lady of the North Division. The happy couple went to New Orleans—the native city of the groom—on their wedding trip. THE CITIZEN, while heartily congratulating them, hopes that they ran into "a cold wave" before they reached the Crescent City. Chicago is now enjoying New Orleans temperature.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

TO WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

"When we were boys" we did not seek
For England's praise or England's smile.
Our hopes—nor did we deem them weak—
Lay only in our own dear isle;
Or, if abroad we cast our eyes,
'Twas to our exiled sons we turned,
Who waited 'neath Columbia's skies
With hearts that fierce for vengeance burned!

"When we were boys" we did not trust
To Saxon power or Saxon arts,
We did not grovel in the dust,
But stood with firm, undaunted hearts
Unconquered! Tho' our land was held
By foreign hosts, our souls were free!
Defiant, changeless, stout, unquelled,
We did not, serf like, bend the knee!

"When we were boys!" Oh! would that still
That spirit burned within thy breast!
That thro' both good report and ill
Thy land was served and loved the best!
And is the glorious lightning dead
That first inspired thy trenchant pen?—
Must Erin in sorrow bow her head
And cry "Alas! when they were men!"

—"Ken Rohan" in *United Ireland*.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Patrick O'Rourke, Claremorris, died on the 30th ult.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Richard Power, M.P., Waterford, and Miss O'Donnell, The Cottage, Carrick-on-Suir.

A burglary under somewhat curious circumstances took place at Newcastle West. It appears that a poor man named James Shea, who resides in Churchtown, had a habit of depositing whatever loose change he had in a niche just inside the window of his house. One night when he had retired to rest the window was smashed, and 19s 6d which happened to be in the usual repository abstracted. Either owing to the noise caused by the storm, or to the noiseless operations of the person who stole the money, Shea was not aware of his loss till morning, but whoever the delinquent is he must have had a close watch on Shea's movements. No one has been arrested in connection with the affair.

Mr. William Moran, Ballyboy, Clogeen, died Aug. 29.

There is to be another Richmond in the field. We take the following from the New York *Freeman's Journal*: "The probability of Parnell having to face no less a personage than Michael Davitt in the forthcoming contests in Ireland, is foreshadowed by a cablegram from Dublin, which says that the approaching general election may bring to the front another Irish leader whom Parnell may find it more difficult to contend against than even the recognized leader of the anti-Parnellites. The suggestion of Davitt's candidature against Parnell has in it the germ of an idea that with amplification would set the Irish nation on a higher pinnacle. If, for the moment, all the other Irish representatives would sink their ambitions, and stepping aside, leave the field clear to the two mentioned, the battle of Irish unity could be settled unmistakably by the names of Parnell and Davitt being the only ones submitted to the various national constituencies." We are going to witness a grand fight between the rival leaders. On one side there is the decrepit Gladstone, the dyspeptic Justin, Dillon the knight of the rueful countenance, Healy the clever but short-sighted politician, and last, but evidently not going to be the least, Michael Davitt, whose light has been under a bushel of late. On the other hand we have the second Ajax, Mr. Parnell (with, alas, a vulnerable rib only thinly covered with court plaster). Now, we want a fair fight and we warn Messrs. Gladstone, Balfour, et al., that there must be no hitting below the belt!

Eight young men were brought up on remand at a special court held at Strabane, charged with the homicide of Hugh McLaughlin, a Liverpool policeman who, on the night of Aug. 1, was attacked and beaten when leaving this town for home, and afterwards died from the effects of the injuries. The magistrates ordered the discharged of Jackson, Fletcher, Harte, and Kincaid, and ordered that Tom Kidd, John Kidd, Andrew Wilson and John Corke be returned for trial at the next assizes. Bail was refused.

The lord lieutenant has appointed W J. Paul, Esq., to be a resident magistrate for the county Wexford, on transfer.

A man named Burke was brought before Col. Evanson, R.M., on a charge of burning a rick, the property of Mr T. K O'Mahony, the Wilderness, Clonmel. He was returned for trial.

Two children of an emergencyman named Brennan, residing in Coolroe, county Wexford, were, it is alleged, assaulted at a school in that village by the pupils. Four boys and two girls have just been served with summonses in connection with the matter, and Father Murphy, the parish priest, and the National teacher have been summoned to appear as witnesses.

A young man named Patrick Connell, while returning home from a funeral at Roskede, near Fermoy, was waylaid and beaten on the head with a sharp weapon. His skull was fractured, and no hopes are entertained of his recovery. The outrage is supposed to have had its origin in private spleen.

Mr. P J Corbett, C E., son of Martin Corbett, Esq., of Nenagh and Bunratty House, county Clare, has passed successfully out of Cooper's Hill Royal Engineering College, and won a much coveted appointment on the public works, India.

The full force of the gale which swept over Ireland was experienced in Limerick. After dark on Sept. 1 the wind freshened, and towards midnight, and into the small hours on Wednesday morning, it blew quite a hurricane from the southwest. The public lamps were extinguished, slates and tiles sent flying through the air, and trees uprooted in the suburbs, while several smacks and small craft were destroyed on the river. The tide, swollen by the heavy floods coming down stream, was driven back by the force of the storm, and large quantities of uncut hay in the low lying districts were swept off, and carried seaward. The oats crop has been also severely damaged by the wind and rain; but the reports from various districts show that the consequences of the storm are far from being as serious as was anticipated.

At Hawarden, England, four Irishmen named Joyce, farm laborers, summoned eight men from Saltney, near Chester, for an atrocious assault. They met the Irishmen on the road, knocked them down, and kicked them about most cruelly. The bench said they were determined to stamp out these outrages, and fined the two ring leaders, named Knight and Reynolds, £5 and costs, and six other men £2 10s and costs, the total fines amounting to £35

At Gedney Drove, in Lincolnshire, England, it appears that five Irishmen had obtained harvest work on a farm, but on going towards a barn which had been allotted to them as a temporary lodging they were attacked by about a dozen English laborers, who hooted them, pelted them with stones and a serious encounter ensued. About fifty English laborers joined in the melée, and knives were used. A young English laborer named Haukin was stabbed in the abdomen, and is in a precarious condition. He has identified an Irishman named Boyle as his assailant, and he is now in custody. On being taken before Mr. Clarke, a magistrate, to be remanded, Boyle protested his innocence, and the magistrate passed some severe strictures on the conduct of the English laborers. Feeling runs so high between the factions that it is feared further difficulties may arise. "The English do love the Irish, but they have a very uncouth way of showing their affection. "It is all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?"

A man named Murphy, of Clohernough, was arrested at Dunmore Aug. 27, on a charge of setting fire to a rick of straw on the previous night, the property of a man Flynn, of Ballymacaw. There was another charge against Murphy, that of setting fire to some hay in the same locality. He was brought before Mr. Bodkin and remanded to the next sessions at Callaghane.

Lunacy in Ireland, from whatever cause, seems to be on the increase. It was 249 per 100 000 ten years ago. Now it is as high as 346 per 100,000

A gallant rescue from drowning was effected at the Waterside, opposite the gas works, Waterford. A child named Thomas McGrath, aged 5 years, accidentally slipped into the water, it being then full tide, and was rapidly disappearing, when William Carey, caretaker of the Federated Trades and Labor Union, arrived upon the scene, and, without waiting to divest himself of his clothes, gallantly jumped in to the little fellow's rescue, and seizing him, swam for the shore.

A destructive fire broke out in Messrs. Barry's sawmill in Fermoy, and destroyed the machinery, engines, etc., which were recently erected, and uninsured. The damage amounted to over £4,000

For a considerable time Dublin has not been visited with so destructive a storm as that which passed over the coast and the city early on the morning of the 26th ult. The gale, while it lasted, raged with unusual fierceness, and destroyed considerable property. Three lives were lost in Dublin Bay through the capsizing of a small yacht.

Dr. Beattie has been elected to fill the position of medical officer for the Balleygawley district, which was rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Moutray.

A magisterial inquiry was held in New Ross into the charges against two young men, Stephen Roche and Martin Brien, of being concerned in the mutilation of cattle near New Ross. The magistrates refused informations and the accused were discharged.

A young man named John O'Donnell was charged in Kilrush at a special court with posting boycotting notices, and also with intimidation. He was committed for trial to the next Kilrush quarter sessions.

A woman named Elizabeth Banny died recently in Downpatrick at the age of 107 years.

A child named Scott, aged 6 years, was drowned in the river Boyne, at Oldbridge. Deceased was playing with another child and accidentally slipped into the water.

At a meeting of the Carrick-on-Suir board of guardians Mr. Dunn (master) reported a man named Sweeney on the charge of insubordination.

Chairman—How did he offend?

Mr. Dunn—By publicly in the dining hall refusing to bless himself. All the inmates bless themselves after partaking of their meals, but this man stood up and refused to do so

Chairman—Was he remonstrated with as to his conduct?

Mr. Dunn—He was, when he declared defiantly that he would not bless himself, and that there was no law to compel him to do so.

Mr. Wall—I look upon this as a very serious offence. Such conduct must be put down.

Chairman—Should not we call him before the board?

Mr. White—Decidedly; his conduct was disgraceful.

Sweeney having been sent for and having appeared before the board, the chairman read to him the charge preferred by the master, and asked him if he had anything to say by way of explanation.

Sweeney—All I have to say is that I did not bless myself after any meals, but I did not know that I was obliged to bless myself if I did not wish to do so.

Chairman—You say that you were not aware that by the workhouse regulations you were bound to say grace after partaking of your meals?

Sweeney—I did not. I confess I refused to do so because I did not feel any necessity for it.

Mr. Wall—Your conduct is reprehensible in the extreme

Mr. Dunn—He seemed to glory in what he did.

Chairman—The workhouse regulations make it imperative that the order should be complied with?

Mr Dunn—Yes.

Chairman—Can you give the board any reasonable excuse for your conduct?

Sweeney—I did not know, your honor, that it was necessary for me to do so. I did not know that after my meals I should bless myself. When I was in jail I hadn't to do it, and I did not think that when I was in the poorhouse there was any great difference.

Chairman—By your defiant attitude here today you look as if you intended carrying on this sort of conduct.

Sweeney—I don't, sir. If it is the rule of the house that after my meals I must bless myself, I will do so in the future. I did not know that it was a poor-law regulation that I should do so.

Sweeney was then ordered to retire, and having done so Mr. White asked: Has this man been subjected to anything like punishment since he committed this serious offence?

Dr. Dunn—I have kept him at stone breaking.

Mr. White—Keep him at it.

The inhabitants of the village of Bessbrook, county Down, have drawn up a memorial for presentation to the magistrates of the Ballybot petty sessions district, asking their assistance to have a police station built in the village. Several outrages have recently occurred there. Bessbrook has a population of 4,000 persons.

At the petty sessions in Lurgan a weaver named John Fitzpatrick was sentenced to four months imprisonment on a charge of brutally assaulting his wife.

At Listowel, Aug. 22, Michael Sullivan and John Mahony, charged with the murder of the caretaker, John Dillane, were brought up before Removable H. H. Turner, and were further remanded.

The death occurred in the workhouse of an old woman, named Isabella Rowley aged 104 years. She was born on July 12, 1787, was admitted to the workhouse on the 14th of June, 1842, and remained an inmate ever since.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

A good crowd witnessed the Gaelic Athletic Association games in the grounds at Lincoln and Polk streets last Sunday afternoon. Two games of football and a hurling match comprised the programme. The teams were very evenly matched, and interest and enthusiasm were kept to a high pitch the whole three hours.

The first football game between the Columbias and the Innisfalls was probably the best one of the series yet played. The Columbias secured a well merited victory by a score of a 3 points to their opponents' 1 points.

The match between the Shamrocks and the Emmets resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 1 goal and 1 point to 1 point.

A hurling match between the Davitt and Innistail clubs concluded the programme.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Sept. 23:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	127	79	48	.622
Bostons	127	77	50	.606
New Yorks	120	67	53	.558
Philadelphias	127	67	60	.528
Clevelands	130	58	72	.446
Pittsburgs	127	55	72	.433
Brooklyns	126	54	72	.429
Cincinnatis	128	49	79	.383

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Sept 23:

Thursday—New York 3, Chicago 1. Boston 7, Pittsburg 7. Philadelphia 6, Cincinnati 4. Brooklyn 5, Cleveland 6

Friday—New York 9, Chicago 3 Boston 9 Pittsburg 3 Brooklyn 6 Cleveland 0 Philadelphia 9, Cincinnati 6.

Saturday—New York 8, Chicago 0 Boston 11, Pittsburg 3 Boston 11, Pittsburg 2 Philadelphia 5, Cincinnati 8. Philadelphia 8, Cincinnati 6. Brooklyn 6, Cleveland 1

Monday—Cincinnati 4, Chicago 5 Boston 6, Brooklyn 1. New York 9, Philadelphia 11 Pittsburg 3, Cleveland 4

Tuesday—Cincinnati 1, Chicago 4. Boston 3, Brooklyn 0 New York 3, Philadelphia 4 New York 11, Philadelphia 5. Pittsburg 2, Cleveland 5

Wednesday—Cincinnati 0, Chicago 9. Boston 5, Brooklyn 1. Boston 9, Brooklyn 2 New York 9, Philadelphia 7 New York 2, Philadelphia 3. Pittsburg 12, Cleveland 3

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	125	86	39	.688
St. Louis	130	83	47	.638
Baltimores	125	68	57	.544
Philadelphias	129	66	61	.512
Columbus	132	61	71	.462
Milwaukees	128	57	71	.445
Louisvilles	128	49	79	.383
Washingtons	125	41	84	.328

Thursday—Columbus 6, Boston 13 St. Louis 5, Philadelphia 2 Milwaukee 16, Baltimore 6. Louisville 6 Washington 2

Friday—St. Louis 6 Philadelphia 10. Milwaukee 4. Baltimore 11. Louisville 9, Washington 8

Saturday—Milwaukee 5, Boston 2 St. Louis 6, Washington 4 St. Louis 4, Washington 7 Louisville 12, Philadelphia 9 Columbus 8 Baltimore 2.

Sunday—Milwaukee 4. Boston 5. St. Louis 16 Washington 11 Louisville 7, Philadelphia 1 Columbus 2 Baltimore 8.

Monday—Milwaukee 5, Boston 0. St. Louis 6, Washington 3. Louisville 4, Philadelphia 0

Tuesday—Milwaukee 2, Boston 5. St. Louis 12, Washington 9. Columbus 10, Baltimore 8

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	19	13	6	.684
Whitings	18	12	6	.667
West Ends	18	10	8	.556
Rivals	18	7	11	.389
Franklins	19	7	12	.368
Brands	19	6	12	.333

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Garden Citys 3 West Ends 2. Whitings 18, Brands 10. Franklins 9, Rivals 7

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful move ty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

E. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

IRISH CATHOLIC NEWS.

At the recent intermediate examinations the following students of the College of the Immaculate Conception, Sligo, distinguished themselves as noted below: John Hynes, second place in Commercial grade; John A. Morgan, an exhibition of £20 a year for three years, and sixth place from 3064 competitors; Master B. Dolan retained an exhibition of £20 a year for three years, and also obtained a book prize. Seventeen of the eighteen students examined obtained honor marks.

Most. Rev. Dr. McEvilly recently made the following clerical changes in the archdiocese of Tuam: Father Peter Corcoran, to Milltown; Father Glynn, Milltown, to Keelogues; Father Heaney, Turlough, to Louisburg; Father Macken Louisburg, to Westport; Father Higgins, Westport, to Castlebar; Father Loftus, Castlebar, to Letterfrack; Father Flatley, Letterfrack, to Clifden.

Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, attended at Louisburg, and conferred the Sacrament of confirmation on some hundreds of postulants, who were satisfactorily prepared in the knowledge of religious truths by the clergyman and teachers of the parish.

At Killewalla, the archbishop performed the same sacred ceremony on very large numbers who were equally instructed in the Christian doctrine. Father Reedy had reason to be proud of their answering.

A large meeting of the parishioners of Killanin, Oughterard, was held for the purpose of again protesting against the action of the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, lord archbishop of Tuam, in endeavoring, as stated, to sever from the archdiocese of Tuam the parish of Killanin and unite it with the diocese of Galway. The chapel has been closed for a lengthened period. The meeting of Wednesday was comprised of the entire male population of the parish. The chair was occupied by Mr. Richard O'Halloran. Resolutions in accordance with the objects of the meeting were passed unanimously.

A correspondent of the *Freemans Journal* writes: "I have great pleasure in supplying the information sought by your correspondent 'Enquirer' regarding the origin of the title by which Adam and Eve chapel is designated. During the penal times, when it was criminal for a Catholic to worship God in a temple dedicated to His service, the front site of the present church, standing on the quay, was occupied as an inn or public house known as 'Adam and Eve's,' which by a pious fraud was made to conceal the building in the rear consecrated to the honor and glory of God. In process of time, after Catholic emancipation, the public house was pulled down, and the present front erected in its place, the church remaining bearing the title of 'Adam and Eve's.'"

Most Rev. Dr. Browne, lord bishop of the diocese of Ferns, has appointed Rev. J. Parker, P.P., Glynn, to be parish priest of Ferns, in room of the Very Rev. Canon Marshall, deceased. Rev P. J. O'Dwyer, C.C., Allanstown, has been appointed P.P. of Glynn.

Local Catholic News.

A retreat will be given to the ladies of the Sacred Heart parish, beginning the first week in October.

Mr. John. T. McGurn, the well known basso, has been engaged for the quartette of St. Patrick's church.

A mission will open next Sunday in St. Mary's church, on Wabash avenue, and will be conducted by two well-known missionary priests.

Seventy five new members were received into the Young Ladies' Sodality, of the Holy Family parish. The society now numbers about 900.

The Catholic Visitation and Aid Society has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, T. D. Hurley; Vice Presidents, P. V. Gleason, Mrs. Whelan, and J. J. Burns; Treasurer, P. F. Gillespie; Recording Secretary, Rosie McCabe; Financial Secretary, Thomas Breen; Agent, James Burnett.

A reception and entertainment was given last Monday evening at the Good Shepherd convent on North Market street in honor of the natal feast of the Mother Superior of that institution. A beautiful operetta was given by some of the little girls, together with choice musical selections. A number of prominent ladies and several of the clergy were in attendance.

Delegates Elected.

At a meeting held in Mulcahy's hall, No. 2836 Fifth ave., last Monday evening, Branch 112 of the Irish National League, elected the following delegates to represent it at the National convention of the League, to be held in Central Music hall, this city, on Thursday and Friday, Oct 1 and 2: Messrs. Martin Mulcahy, Thomas Finigan, Michael Conlon, Cornelius Houlihan, and P. W. Byrne.

Division No. 17, A. O. H., elected five delegates to the coming Irish National convention last Wednesday evening, as follows: Messrs. P. B. Flanagan, Lawrence Henley, Patrick Finigan, John Duffy, and P. B Quinlan.

Hibernian Rifles

Company B, Hibernian Rifles, will give a reception to their members and friends this (Saturday) evening, in their armory, No. 56 State street Addresses will be delivered by Dr. Shanahan, P. J. Duffy and others.

Literary Notes

The well-known humorist Edgar Wilson Nye, better known by the name "Bill Nye" which was bestowed upon him many years ago by brother journalists in California, will contribute to *The Century* during the coming year a series of articles descriptive of his experiences in different parts of America and in various capacities. He calls them his "Autobiographies," and the first one, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," will appear in the November *Century*. It is understood that Mr. Nye has not drawn so largely as is usual with him upon his powers of invention but has endeavored to present a series of pictures of American life which will both amuse and instruct. *The Century* has had in preparation for a year or two a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York," written by Dr. Richard Wheatley.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for October. The principal articles in this issue are: Columbus and the First Church (with portrait); Historical Argument for the apacy; Eminent Confederate Generals; Total Abstinence Convention; Archbishop Ryan's Eulogy on the late Archbishop Hughes; Father Damien's Memorial Cross; Statistics relating to the Church in the United States; The Earl of Aberdeen on Home Rule and the Catholic Clergy; The Disagreeable Truth about Politics; Sermon of Bishop McQuaid at the laying of the corner-stone in Salem; together with numerous other articles of interest.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BARTON—Aug. 30, at Dublin, Mary, wife of John K. Barton.

BYRNE—Sept 1, at Killough, county Down, Mary, wife of Constable Byrne.

CROTTY—Sept. 6, Mary Ann, relict of the late Richard Stuart Crotty, of Newlands Abbey, county Dublin.

MARTIN—Sept. 1, at Kilroe, county Tipperary, Mrs. Mary Martin, relict of the late Thomas Martin aged 75 years.

RYAN—Sept. 5, at No 142 North Strand road, Dublin, Henry Ryan, late of No. 15 Lower Summer hill.

CARR—Sept. 8, at the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin, William, youngest son of the late John Carr, of No. 32 Patrick street, Limerick, aged 35 years.

GIBNEY—Sept. 7, at Moate, Westmeath, John Gibney, aged 76 years.

SELLORS—Sept. 2, at Hazledean, London, Colney St. Albans, Michael Sellors, Solicitor, Limerick, aged 57 years.

THORN—Sept. 8, at Bush, Theresa, second daughter of the late John Thorn.

MORLEY—Sept. 6 at Ballyhaunis, Anne, wife of David Morley.

HILL—Aug 25, at Queensborough, Drogheda, Richard B. Hill, aged 75 years.

MADIGAN—At Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin, Thomas, eldest son of Patrick Madigan, Ennistymon, aged 24 years.

O'BRIEN—Aug. 20, at Limerick, Cornelius O'Brien, late of Nenagh, aged 65 years

O'MULLOY—Aug. 23, at Ballinaveen, Emly, Edmond O'Mulloy, father of the Rev. Dr O'Mulloy, P.P., Aughrim, aged 106 years.

GREGAN—Sept. 3, at No 15 King's Inns street, Dublin, Mrs. Mary Gregan, relict of the late Patrick Gregan.

MORRIS—Sept. 2, at No. 108 Lower Tyrone street, Dublin Joseph Morris, ex-Sergeant of Royal Irish Constabulary, aged 76 years

BRABAZON—Aug 1, at the General European Hospital, Calcutta, Surgeon Henry Moore Brabazon, B A., M.D., T.C.D., F.R.C.S.I., Indian Medical Service, son of the late Samuel Brabazon, Parcelstown Lodge, Mullingar, aged 29 years.

OBITUARY.

OFFICER MICHAEL LEE.

It is with pain we record the death of Officer Michael Lee, of the Deering st. station. Mr. Lee, who was in his 31st year, was a native of Glengarra, county Waterford, and both in this country and the old had hosts of friends who will mourn his loss. His health, injured in the discharge of his duty, had been failing for some time His originally fine constitution triumphed for a while but the struggle was too much, and last week he was laid to his long rest in Mount Olivet, followed by an immense concourse of sympathizing friends. Mr. Lee leaves a widow and three young children.

Just *how* an alterative medicine cleanses the system is an open question; but that Ayer's Sarsaparilla *does* produce a radical change in the blood is well attested on all sides. It is everywhere considered the best remedy for blood disorders.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and County Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all cases of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues

JOHN F. FINERTY, U. S. Pension and Claim Agent, 69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO

A KENTUCKY OUTLAW'S DEATH.

The night had took possession at the closin
out o' day,
When ole Bill Capfield on his bed o' straw an
death did lay;
The candle slowly wagged its tail o' red an
yaller flame,
Which made the shadders climb the wall, then
flutter down again.
An o'er the features of ole Bill the lights an
shadders ran
Like life an death, thet, then an thar, contended for the man.
The kinfolks stood around, with features warped an eyes a-leakin,
To ketch the words thet, on this earth, the last
he would be speakin.
Now, punctuated by his gasps an feeble coughs,
he spoke:
"I am a big wild hoss," he said, "tamed when
its neck is broke!
I'm hancuffed now, 'n helpless lay beneath the
very one—
The fiend o' Death— thet I so oft hev stuffed
into my gun!
No more the ramrod will I shove into my rifle's
throat;
No more I'll hear my shotgun yell, with death
cries in each note;
No more my seven shooter flames to light
some foeman home
To that dark region where ole Bill will, in
short meter, roam;
No more my knife will leap aloft just like a
strip o' flame,
Nor will it cut another notch into my stick o'
fame.
For feeble is the arm o' strength, and failing is
the eye—
The arm thet let the foeman down, the eye
thet saw him die.
My brothers, I kin plow no more; my instruments I yield
Into your han's—be sure, dear ones, you don't
neglect the field;
Take up your march where I lay down, keep
all your foes in sight;
Be watchful; keep my memory an my guns an
pistols bright."
The speaker stopped. Awhile he tried the rattle out to cough,
But Death's fist closed upon his neck—cut the
air pump off.

—James Noel Johnson in New York Herald.

THE PRODIGAL UNCLE.

My family, at the time when this story begins, lived in Havre. They were not rich, and were always hard up. Father worked in an office, and the wages were not the highest.

I had two sisters.

My mother fretted under our poverty, and she often addressed harsh words to my father—perfidious, veiled reproaches. The expression of the poor man's face always distressed me; he passed his hand over it as if to wipe away a perspiration that was not there, and said nothing. I felt his powerless sadness.

My parents economized with everything; they often ate dinners unfit to be served; they bought provisions at the lowest prices, and yet even at that they had often to ask for credit.

My sisters made their own dresses, and had long discussions about the price of a kind of lace costing fifteen centimes a yard.

I well remember many scenes about lost buttons and torn trousers.

But every Sunday we took a walk to the docks in great style. My father, in a long coat, a high hat, and wearing gloves, offered his arm to my mother, who was dressed as gayly as a ship on a holiday. My sisters, always the first to be ready, awaited the signal of departure, but at the last moment a forgotten spot would be discovered on the coat of paterfamilias, and it had to be quickly effaced with a rag dipped in benzine. My father, keeping his hat on his head, waited in his shirt sleeves until the operation was done, while my mother, having adjusted her glasses—she was near-sighted—hurriedly put on her gloves.

Finally we started with great ceremony, my sisters, with linked arms, going before. They had attained a marriageable age, and made quite a respectable appearance in the city.

I walked at the left of my mother, my father at the right. And I remember the pompous air of my poor parents in these Sunday excursions, the rigidity of their features, the severity of their aspect. They advanced with a grave step, as if an affair of the greatest importance depended upon their carriage.

And every Sunday, seeing the great vessels that had returned from unknown and distant countries, my father invariably repeated the same words:

"Ah! if Jules were on one of these, what a suprise it would be!"

My Uncle Jules, my father's brother, was the only hope of the family, after having been its terror.

I did not speak of him, but since my infancy my thoughts were with him, and his first culpable act was always present in my mind. I knew all the details of his life up to the day of his departure for America. He had, it appears, misconducted himself—that is to say, he had squandered some money, which is a great crime if it happens in poor families. A rich man who amuses himself is simply guilty of follies. He is called "nobody's enemy but his own." With the poor and needy, a man who forces his parents to curtail their capital or income becomes a rascal, a knave.

In short, Uncle Jules had considerably lessened the inheritance of my father, after spending his own share to the last sou. Then he had sailed for America, as they afterward learned, on board a merchantman bound for New York.

After having been there some time my Uncle Jules established himself as a merchant; and he soon wrote that he was saving a little money, and hoped that he would be enabled shortly to indemnify my father for the losses he had caused him.

This letter created a profound emotion in the family. Jules, instead of being a worthless fellow, they said, was an honest man, a tender hearted man, a true Davranche, upright as all the Davranches.

In a second letter, sent two years later, he said:

MY DEAR PHILLIPE—I write you so that you need have no fears regarding my health, which is all that can be desired. My business also goes well. I start tomorrow on a long voyage to South America; several years may pass, perhaps, before you will hear from me. But if I do not write do not be alarmed. I shall return to Havre with a fair fortune. I hope it will not take too long, and then we shall all be happy.

This letter became the gospel of the family. It was read at every opportunity, it was shown to every one.

During ten years, perhaps, we did not hear from Uncle Jules: but, as the time lengthened, my father's hopes also grew in proportion, and my mother often said:

"When Jules is here our situation will be entirely changed."

And every Sunday, when regarding the huge black masses of smoke on the horizon that ascended to the sky like an immense serpent, my father repeated his eternal phrase:

"Ah, if Jules were on one of these, what a surprise it would be!"

And then he rubbed his eyes briskly with a handkerchief.

They made a thousand projects when the return was assured: they would buy, with uncle's money, a small house in the country. I do not know but that my father had already commenced negotiations in reference to that affair.

The eldest of my sisters was twenty-eight years old, the other twenty-six. They had never married, which was a cause of great sorrow to all. A wooer finally presented himself for my youngest sister. He was a clerk, not wealthy, but honorable.

I have always had the conviction that the letter of my uncle Jules, shown again one evening, had ended the hesitation and strengthened the resolution of this young man.

He was accepted eagerly, and it was decided that after the wedding the whole family should take a little trip to Jersey.

Jersey is the ideal of a journey for poor people. It is not far; one traverses the sea in a packet and finds one's self in a strange land, an island belonging to the English. Thus a Frenchman, after two hours' sailing, can see his neighbors and can study their strange manners and deplorable circumstances. This trip to Jersey occupied all our thoughts, our entire attention, and we dreamed of it constantly.

Finally we started. I remember it as if it happened yesterday—the smoke blowing over the dock; my father, very much perturbed, watching the transporting of our luggage; my mother, also disquieted, had taken the arm of my unmarried sister, who appeared lost since the other sister had gone from her, like a chicken sitting alone in its coop, and behind us came the young married pair, always lagging, which compelled me to turn my head often.

The whistle sounded. We went on board, and the ship, leaving its dock, glided out upon a sea as smooth as glass. We watched the receding shores, happy and joyous, a feeling doubtless experienced by all who have traveled.

My father wore his long coat, from which all the spots had been washed with benzine, and consequently he strongly suggested that valuable cleansing agent, and recalled to my mind our Sunday outings.

Suddenly he espied two elegant ladies, to whom two gentlemen were offering oysters. An old ragged seaman opened the bivalves with one blow of a knife and passed them to the gentlemen, who immediately carried them to the ladies, who ate them in a most genteel manner, holding the shells in a cambric handkerchief, and conveying them to their mouths without dropping any juice or staining their toilets. Then they drank the liquid with a pretty, rapid movement, and threw the shells into the sea.

Undoubtedly my father was captivated by this distinguished act of eating oysters on a vessel while it was under sail. He thought it was good taste, refined, superior, and approached my mother and sisters, saying:

"What would you say if I should offer you some oysters?"

My mother hesitated on account of the expense, but my sisters accepted immediately.

My mother said in a querulous tone:

"I am afraid they will not agree with me. Give some to the children, but not many, as the oysters will make them sick." Then turning toward me, she remarked, "As to Joseph, he needs none; it is best not to spoil the boy."

I remained beside my mother and thought her very unjust. I followed my father with my eyes and watched him as he pompously conducted his two daughters and his son-in-law toward the old seaman.

The two ladies started to go, and my father indicated to my two sisters that they were to eat the oysters without spilling any juice. In order that they might understand better, he took an oyster, and, in endeavoring to imitate the ladies, poured the whole liquid down the front of his coat.

Suddenly my father appeared to become uneasy. He recoiled a few steps, regarded his family fixedly, then the old seaman, and quickly returned to us. He seemed pale, and his eyes had a singular look. He said to my mother:

"It is strange how that man opening the oysters resembles Jules."

Mother asked:

"What Jules?"

My father returned:

"Why, my brother Jules. If I did not know that he had a good position in America I should believe it was he."

My mother ejaculated angrily:

"You are a lunatic! You know very well that it is not Jules. Why do you talk such nonsense?"

But father said persistently: "Go and see for yourself, Clarisse. I should like very much to have your opinion."

She arose and joined her two daughters, and I also went and looked at the old man. He was dirty, wrinkled and did not turn his attention from his work.

My mother returned, and I saw that she trembled. She said very quickly:

"I believe it is he. Go and pump the captain. It will be prudent, for we certainly cannot claim this worthless fellow as our relative."

My father went and I followed, feeling strangely agitated. The captain, a tall man, very thin, but with immense whiskers, walked the bridge with an important air, as if he were commanding an India mail steamer. My father mounted the steps with ceremony, and spoke of his calling with compliments; asked him of the importance of Jersey, its inhabitants, their manners, their dress, the nature of the soil, etc. He thought the captain would perhaps speak of the United States of America; but he spoke only of the vessel in which we were sailing, how it was equipped, etc.

Finally my father said, in a troubled voice:

"You have a very interesting old man opening oysters. Do you know any particulars of this good man?"

The captain, beginning to be bored by the conversation, replied carelessly:

"He is an old French vagabond whom I found in America last year. He has relatives in Havre, it appears, but does not want to return to them, as he owes them some money. His name is Jules—Jules Darmanche or Jules Davranche, it is immaterial which. It appears that he was well to do at one time, but you see yourself that he is much reduced at present."

My father turned a livid hue, his eyes grew haggard, and, in an articulate voice, he said:

"Ah! yes, very true. I thank you very much, captain."

And he walked away. He approached my mother, who said to him, in an agitated voice:

"Sit down; did you find out anything?"

He sank upon the seat and exclaimed:

"It is he! It is he! What are we to do now?"

She replied quickly:

"We must take care that our son-in-law suspects nothing of this."

My father seemed paralyzed. He murmured:

"What a catastrophe!"

My mother ejaculated furiously:

"I have always thought it would amount to nothing, and now he returns in this state? As if one did not know how deep a Davranche could sink!"

And my father passed his hand across his face as if he would brush away mother's reproaches.

My mother exclaimed:

"Give money to Joseph immediately and let him pay for the oysters. But he is not to recognize that man nor to say anything that will cause him to be recognized, and let us go to another part of the ship where that man cannot approach us!"

With these words she rose, and my father gave me a five franc piece.

My sisters regarded our parents with a surprised stare, and I said the sea had made mamma a little uneasy, and departed on my errand.

I asked the old man:

"How much do we owe you for the oysters, sir!"

I so longed to say, "My uncle!"

He replied:

"Two and a half francs."

I gave him my five franc piece and he returned me the change.

I looked at his hand, a poor, wrinkled, horny hand, and I looked into his face, so old and wrinkled and filled with deepest sadness, and I said to myself:

"This is my uncle—papa's brother—my uncle!"

I gave him ten sous as a pourboire.

He thanked me profusely, and said, "God bless you, my young sir!" in the tone of one receiving alms.

My sisters looked at me, amazed at my generosity.

When I returned the two francs to my father, mother said, in a surprised voice:

"Did they cost three francs? That is impossible!"

I declared in a firm voice:

"I gave ten sous as pourboire."

My mother started and looked at me, exclaiming:

"You are crazy! To give ten sous to that man—that wretch!"

She stopped, looking at my father, who pointed to his son-in-law.

Before us, on the horizon, as if growing from the sea, a violet strip was visible.

It was Jersey.

We returned on another vessel, in order not to encounter him. My mother could not conceal her uneasiness.

I never saw my father's brother again.

—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant for Argonaut.

A Generous Tipster.

Some time ago, when the new Japanese minister to the United States passed through San Francisco on his way to Washington, he staid a day or two in the Palace hotel. One night he gave a 'way up banquet up stairs to a select party of wealthy and prominent citizens of the town, entertaining them lavishly. The service was, of course, furnished by half a dozen of the colored gentlemen of the house, who, stimulated by a promise of liberal tips, did their level best to make everything pleasant. The minister was delighted, and when his guests had gone he ordered his secretary to fetch him a purse. To each man and brother he handed three coins. They thanked him profusely, and got out without delay.

Next day there was a great uproar in the Japanese quarter of the hotel. The minister, ignorant of our coinage, had given each of the waiters three twenty dollar gold pieces, and on finding out his mistake he wanted to undo it. After much searching the lucky Africans were found, and under threats of summary discharge they were compelled to give back what they had not spent, with a drawback of three silver dollars apiece. —Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why It Must Be a Raphael.

The tenacity with which old country families cling to the time honored, however fabulous, attribution of a picture, which has descended from father to son for generations, is an innocent form of conservatism entitled to all indulgence. We remember a short passage between an old baronet and his excellent lady. He came back from hunting just as she was showing to a new arrival a "Raphael" which hung in the dining room. The baronet's ideas were rather more advanced than his lady's. "No, no, my dear; who knows whether it's a Raphael, after all?" "Well, Sir George, all I can say is that it always has been!"—Quarterly Review.

Pitly Answered.

Inquiring Son—Papa, what are the real dimensions of an egg?

Father—They are just the size of hailstones. Why don't you read the papers? —Pittsburg Bulletin.

MEN BUY TROUSSEAUS.

IN MEXICO BRIDEGROOMS SELECT THE WEDDING OUTFIT.

A Curious Custom That Must Be Both Amusing and Provoking—Americans in the City of Mexico and What They May See There—Houses of Some.

Senor Manuel del Rosaros is a gay cavalier from Mexico city who has made several visits to New York.

"But how is it you come here in the summer, senor?" he was asked.

"Business, sir, business. My uncle is about to get married. Great boy, my uncle. Only about the same age as myself. I shall get married, too, but not yet for some years. Well, my uncle wants some things, you know, for the marriage, and he sent me north to buy him a regular trousseau. I am buying it, and having a good time."

"But we do not say trousseau when referring to men's wedding garments; we only"——

"I know, I know," he rapidly interrupted. "I speak English very well now, thank you. It is you who do not know. My uncle sent me, not to buy things for himself, but for his bride. Trousseau is therefore right, is it not? It is you who do not know. Our custom in Mexico is for the young man to buy the trousseau, therefore I am here in the summer.

A DARING YOUNG MAN.

"So the bridegroom has to buy all the wedding toggery?"

"He is supposed to do so, but it is not always permitted. Sometimes the bride's parents only allow him to purchase the slippers, the fan and things of that sort, and on those occasions the young man tries to the utmost to show his liberality by the most lavish expenditure possible. There was a young man from Boston, though, took unto himself a Mexican wife, and he determined to outdo everybody. He was a real Yankee prince. He had his future wife's measurements down to dots, as you say, and purchased thousands of dollars worth of wedding finery. Nothing so splendid in the shape of a wedding was ever seen with us before. Among other things he bought a barouche and four splendid horses (that is what I am going to purchase in New York for my uncle).

"The newly wedded pair drove off in this barouche amid cheers and music and great rejoicing. They had a journey of 150 miles to make to the young fellow's plantation. On the way the new barouche broke down, and the loving pair had to ride the carriage horses something like fifty miles without saddles."

"Are there no good horses in Mexico?"

"Yes; but for style we get our carriage horses here, and carriages also. Black teams are the favorite, or dark bays with black points. The president drives four spotted horses on state occasions, just as the viceroy used to. There used to be a law in Mexico providing that no one except the viceroy should drive spotted horses. I don't know whether it is still a law or not.

"During the times when we had a viceroy—and they all clung tenaciously to this exclusive use of spotted horses—a wealthy young fellow made a bet that he would drive a spotted double team through the public streets in defiance of this law. He was readily taken up to the tune of $20,000, and he won the bet. He procured the horses, and as he drove through the streets the soldiers presented arms and all the honors due to the viceroy were paid to the young man.

"The viceroy came out on the veranda of his palace to learn the cause of the wild acclaim. When he learned it he was furious. But the young fellow drove right into the palace yard, and when his excellency stepped down to expostulate with him he said that he had brought the turnout as a present. The gift was accepted perforce and the bet was won. The turnout cost $3,000—a clear gain of $17,000."

AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

"Do many Americans visit Mexico city now?"

"More and more every year, and they enter eagerly into our society, and several of them, wealthy people, have enjoyed it so much that they have built residences near the city. An American has leased one of the most historical houses we have and at the same time dealt a blow to popular superstition—our people are very superstitious—for the house has long been supposed to be haunted. It is the great stone house which tourists pass on their way to the Central or Vera Cruz stations. A most gloomy house, with windows closed and walled up, no wonder that people come to regard it as in some way accursed. The Emperor Maximilian, a generous sort of monarch, took a fancy to the house, owned at that time by Senora Dona Victoria Rui de Perez Galvez, and bought it, and the house was transferred to Marshal Bazaine when that officer married a lovely Mexican woman, as a wedding gift from Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta. Marshal Bazaine and his bride went to live in the house, and there daily paced in front of it guards of Mexican, French and Austrian nationalities.

"In those days the huge garden to the rear of the house, extending almost across to the Paseo de la Reforma, was kept in a fine state of cultivation. When Bazaine left the city with his troops, going back to France and to a career which was to end in exile and in sorrow, the house was left without inhabitants, and so it has remained ever since that day, about a quarter of a century ago. When Juarez, the iron handed president, entered the city to resume republican rule, he confiscated the Bazaine mansion, and later on, it was bought by the Iturbide family, the largest real estate owners there—the Astors of the City of Mexico."—New York Advertiser.

The use of oil to smooth the sea in rough weather has been applied to a life buoy. Valves are opened automatically, releasing the oil gradually and preventing the heavy waves from breaking over the buoy and suffocating the person in it.

How Sure I Was.

Hank Yates was a born horse trader. His father and his mother's father were horse traders, too, and spent almost as much time riding over the Illinois prairies to get or to make bargains in horseflesh as in attending to their corn and pig raising on their farms. Hank had traded horses from the time he was ten years old, when his grandfather bought him a Texas mustang from a herd.

Hank swapped the mustang within twenty-four hours for a Kentucky colt, which he traded to his father for a coveted mare, whose next colt he sold to his grandfather at an advance of seventy-five dollars over the price of the mustang.

Hank was only nineteen years old when he begin his attentions to Lizzie Dodd in the next county, and scarcely twenty when he rode over on a fine young horse to ask her to marry him.

They were sitting out in front of the house in the starlight, and Hank was getting on well with what he had to say, when he saw Lizzie's father critically examining his horse hitched down at the front gate.

"I think everything in the world of you, Lizzie," Hank was saying. "That's as sure as——"

Just then he saw her father feeling of his horse's feet and the instinct of the horse trader mingled with the spirit of his wooing, and he sprang to his feet and yelled, "That's as sure as that bay gelding of mine is worth forty dollars more than them little gray mares of yourn both put together!"—Youth's Companion.

Driver Ants.

There are certain ants that show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too, only these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards and other animals in western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood, but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away. At the first warning of danger the little creatures run together and form a solid ball of ants, the weaker in the center. Often this ball is larger than a common baseball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.—St. Nicholas.

Making Wood Incombustible.

The weight of testimony, thus far, in regard to the various methods proposed for rendering wood incombustible, or nonalterable by heat, appears to be against the claim that a building encumbered with inflammable substances can pass through such a test uninjured. It is known that the methods resorted to for preserving wood against fire are principally two, viz., the injections of saline solutions and the application of a paint or coating. The former has been found practically ineffective, and has even been pronounced by some as of dangerous tendency in the case of wood of large dimensions, though the treatment may be applicable to pieces of wood of small size.

It is remarked that of all the various substances which have been brought forward for this purpose, the concentrated solution of phosphate of ammonia has proved the most valuable, the use of this substance, in fact, notwithstanding its high cost, possessing such peculiar advantages as to have recommended its employment in all cases where the matter of expense is not important.

In the majority of cases coating with a brush is the really practical solution of this question, and, according to Professors Bondin and Denny, of Ghent, the substance most suitable for use in this manner is the cyanide of potassium and asbestos paint.—New York Sun.

There Are No Storks in England.

England is beyond the ordinary range of the stork, though hardly a year passes without one or two being seen on the east coast and generally, alas! shot. Unlike the bittern and ruff, it was no more common before the fens and swamps of Cambridge and Lincolnshire were drained than it is at the present day. "Mine honored friend, Sir Thomas Brown, of Norwich," wrote Willughby, 200 years ago, "says that it is but rarely seen on our coasts." There is, we believe, no record of its nesting in England, and the impossibility of protecting a migratory bird precludes the hope of its being introduced into the country.—Chambers' Journal.

A Mystery About Bluefish.

Although the bluefish is familiar to everybody, exactly where Pomatomus saltatrix comes from or where he is born few know about. He has the widest kind of a distribution, for Professor G. Brown Goode tells us bluefish are found in the Malay archipelago, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, in the Mediterranean, and ranges along our coast from Brazil to Nova Scotia, but no one has yet established the facts as to its places of reproduction, or is it known where bluefish spawn.—New York Times.

Don't Know, Can't Say.

Horace—Will you be my wife?

Minnie—I can't say.

Horace—Don't you know your own mind?

Minnie—Yes, but I don't know what you think of diamonds.—Jewelers' Circular.

AND NOW SHE IS COMFORTABLE.

Devices of a Typewriter Girl for Making Life Better Worth Living.

She is a brisk little typewriter in a down town office. Her hours are long and she is far from strong, yet she seems to stand her work much better than many more robust girls. The other day a woman asked her how she managed to keep so rosy and cheerful.

"Why, I think," she said, "the secret of it is that I humor my little wants. I keep a regular storeroom of things in the office to coddle myself with. I find it is the trifles of life that tell on me, so I am particularly careful about trifles. If it is winter time, I keep a soft woolen cape to throw about my shoulders if I feel chilly. I wear thick soled, common sense shoes in the street, but it takes too much vitality to wear them in the house all day, so I change them for slippers as soon as I reach my desk. I never take cold, for I am used to the change. If it is summer, I keep a comfortable house waist to wear at my work instead of a tight fitting sack.

"I like to wear a nice dress, and I dislike to see the elbows look threadbare, so I wear some black silk sleeves that reach to the elbows. A black alpaca apron protects the front of my gown.

"I am never worried if a sudden storm comes up, for it cannot take me unprepared. I always keep a rubber cloak, umbrella and rubbers on hand. It doesn't cost a great deal to buy the two sets, and I can't express the peace of mind it gives to have them ready.

"For toilet purposes I have a couple of clean towels, comb, soap, nailbrush, little mirror and a whisk broom. Besides these, I have a bottle of witch hazel and a pot of vaseline for an accident.

"One is always liable to tear or rip one's clothes, so I keep a little basket with thimble, needle and several colors of thread, if I want to take a 'stitch in time,' and so save taking nine at home at night.

"There is one thing more, and don't you laugh at it. I have a wee alcohol lamp and a jar of beef extract. I get faint sometimes in the middle of the forenoon, and then it takes only a minute to make a cup of hot beef tea, and I am fresh and ready for work again."

"But where do you keep all these things—the work basket and the beef extract and the looking glass?" asked the woman.

"There is a little closet in the office where I hang my coat and hat. I bought two iron brackets and coaxed the office boy to put up a shelf for me. I hung my mirror on the inside of the door, put my traps on the shelf, and am 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' The closet is just big enough to hold a chair for me to sit on while I take off or put on my shoes. There was only a little forethought needed, and now I am altogether comfortable," the little typewriter added as she waved her parasol at a down town car.—Chicago Tribune.

Malay Monkeys.

I only once saw a specimen of the siamang in captivity, at the house of a Malay chief at Sirdang. It was about three feet high, but the stretch of its arms was over five feet. A sad looking, depressed creature it seemed as it moved awkwardly about the floor, tripping itself up with its own arms; but once among the rafters of the roof it moved with the agility of a spider. Of its gigantic relative, the orang-utan, I am able to give but few particulars.

But I may at least observe that it is rather ludicrous to any one who has a smattering of the Malay tongue to see him so frequently styled orang-utang, which signifies literally "a man in debt," utang being in Malay "debt," while "utan" is "forest" or jungle. But I always found this name incomprehensible to the Deli Malays, whose name for the animal is "mowas." The Sumatran species appears to be totally different in its habits from that of Borneo, which approaches human dwellings, and even plunders gardens. In Deli, at all events, it inhabits only the densest rattan swamps, of such a nature that any attempt at observation of its habits would be impossible, and it makes off instantly at the approach of man.—Chambers' Journal.

Auk Remains on the Funk Islands.

While studying the cod fisheries off the Newfoundland coast, opportunity was taken to visit Funk islands. Here were discovered the remains of that lost bird, the great auk. The delights of the ornithologist who first grubbed up the skeletons and the eggs of defunct auks on Funk islands could have been equaled only by that of the miners who find a bonanza.

No bird, perhaps no animal, held a more important relation in this respect to the early American fisheries than the great auk. Indiscriminately slaughtered by thousands, it made an important addition to the fisherman's larder, until at last it yielded to the rapacious and destructive agencies it was not fitted to withstand, and a most interesting species was totally wiped out of existence. All that remains today in America of a once immensely abundant gigantic sea fowl is its burial place and a few specimens of the eggs and mounted skins naturalists obtained before its annihilation. —New York Times.

A Lake Is a Sort of Furnace.

A lake has a wonderfully tempering effect on the climate. Thus, according to M. Forel, the quantity of heat accumulated in the Lake of Geneva during the summer of 1889 was equal to that given off by the combustion of 31,000,000 tons of coal, or the amount carried by a coal train 1,120 miles in length. The greater part of the heat is discharged into the air of the valley during the cold season, thus producing a milder temperature in autumn and winter.—New York Journal.

The Visitor Was Impressed.

Dibbs (anxious to impress his visitor, to Mrs. Dibbs)—My dear, when you go to the country, shall you leave your diamonds with the safe deposit company?

Mrs. Dibbs (candid)—Oh, no; I'll carry them in a pillbox in my trunk.—Harper's Bazar.

A Desert Wonderland.

The bed of the Colorado desert today may well afford a study to the seeker after marvels as well as to the geologist. It is a desert wonderland. Imagine a plain of clay, monotonously level, relieved here and there by hills of sand built in beautifully wavelike outlines. These hills are not stationary; they travel constantly, though slowly, journeying over the plain as the winds direct. The sand of which they are composed is not like ordinary sand at all, but of a nature marvelous. Most of the grains are transparent, others are translucent, while many are of rainbow hues, being in fact small gems of red carnelian, green chrysolite and varicolored garnet.

Looked upon beneath a microscope they are most interesting. A majority of them are perfect spheres, rounded and polished by attrition with each other. When mixed with a familiar acid they effervesce like seidlitz powders. Composed of these strangely wrought materials, the sandhills look like great snowdrifts, with here and there a gleam of color. Continually they give forth a rustling sound as the tiny spheres are shifted by the winds, slowly rolling onward.—Washington Star.

How Some Insects Sing.

The Greeks shut the cicadas in cages so as to be sung to by them in their sleep. The Greeks were at odds concerning the nature of the singing apparatus, and the controversy among naturalists on the subject lasted till very recently. The zoologist, H. Landois, who investigated the difficult subject of animal sounds with ceaseless industry and great skill, was able to give a satisfactory solution to the question. According to his research, the case is one in which the sound is really made by air circulating through passages in the interior of the body.

Every insect's body is penetrated by a system of breathing tubes or tracheæ which open at places on the surface. The openings are called stigmata. This system of breathing tubes, through which the air is inspired and expired, takes the place of the lung of the higher animals. Landois discovered them in very obscure parts of the cicada, and found that they form a kind of windpipe representing the actual tone factory of the animals.—R. Francheschini in Popular Science Monthly.

Conscientious.

Rose is an odd little girl, very conscientious, considering that she is only four years old. The other day she came to her mother with a half penitent, half triumphant look on her face.

"What is the matter, dear?" said her mother.

"Well," she said, "I told you I would tell you in three days, and I'm going to tell you now."

"Tell me what?"

"Oh, that I ate the green apples. You see, it was this way: I ate three green apples last Tuesday! After I'd eaten them I begun to think that I'd be awful sick, but I didn't come and tell you about it; I just went up to my room and told God. 'Oh, God!' I said, 'If you will keep me from being sick with these green apples, in three days I'll tell my mamma all about it!' So I didn't get sick at all, and now I've told you."

This was certainly a remarkable case of faith cure—or else a very good infantile digestion.—Boston Transcript.

Saphir's Wit.

A very poor actor, having played the part of the ghost in "Hamlet" for many years, Saphir, the German wit, on seeing him, said: "It would be a good thing if this man gave up the ghost, so that somebody else could take his part." A young poet once sent the humorist an "Ode to Immortality," requesting his opinion of it. Saphir returned the manuscript, with the message, "This package will never reach its address." "Three persons," remarked the wit, "sleep soundly—a child, a corpse and a night watchman." During his sojourn in Berlin, Saphir was frequently in the society of a well known theatrical manager, whose dullness was notorious. "How strange it is that my legs go to sleep every day!" he remarked upon one occasion. "How can you wonder?" returned Saphir: "they are always in your company."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Scare in the Museum.

For about ten minutes a ghost was supposed to have taken charge of a Boston dime museum. The sweeper, preparing to clean the main room, placed Mr. Bass, the ossified man, in a corner, and that bony gentleman leaned lazily in the angle. The sweeper hurried with his work, and passed to the next room, leaving nobody in sight but the mechanic, who was fixing the electric lights. The silence of the grave was broken by a sepulchral voice, which came from the ossified man, uttering these words, "I want my breakfast!" The mechanic fell from the ladder and crawled hastily out of sight. In the next room, with hair standing erect, he exclaimed: "Don't go in there! One of the wax figures is talkin."—Yankee Blade.

A New Fuel from Waste Paper.

The waste of a paper and pulp mill, near West Troy, is being utilized as the basis of a new fuel, which is said to be of much value. The waste as it comes from the mills is nearly pure carbon, and by cleansing and chemical treatment it is converted into a form that permits of nearly perfect combustion. It is said to burn rapidly, with intense heat and with little of the unpleasant features attendant upon the use of bituminous coal.—New York Telegram.

Ready to Assist.

The popular idea of the labor which goes to the making of books is often an amusing one. A literary woman who had urged as a reason for shortening her call on a dear old lady the fact that she had some work to do when she got home was confronted with the question:

"Don't you want a sheet of paper and a pencil right now?"

"What for?" was her astonished query.

"Why, to write something!"—Exchange.

EVERY FAMILY

Should be provided with Ayer's Pills. No other aperient is in such general demand or so highly recommended by the profession. Mild but thorough in operation, these pills are the best of all remedies for constipation, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, flatulency, loss of appetite, liver complaint, and sick headache. They break up colds, fevers, and malaria, relieve rheumatism and neuralgia, and are indispensable to travelers, either by land or sea. Sugar-coated and compounded of the purest vegetable cathartics, they may be taken with impunity by old and young. Physicians recommend these pills in preference to any other

Needs

H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark., says: "In 1853, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Every Dose Effective.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church sts. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 28th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 7, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Oegood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor. Res 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 553 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 483 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays. St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D E Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 2 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sexsee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 351 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Monahawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittgobmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O'Foley, R S, 412 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Hodes, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 341 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 223 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cantrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Zringe, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 283 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Feltx Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werhelm's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1429 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 429 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieromi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P E Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Canalport-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2105 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; F. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jer. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 358 N Market st.; M. Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 5 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, in Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2923 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treasurer James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., ss. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 183 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 33—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3300 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3303 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. 35—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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LEGITIMATE MINING.

It Is Now Hand in Hand with Other Wealth Producing Industries.

The general public east of the Missouri river has a very faint and indefinite knowledge of the extent to which legitimate mining is carried on in the territories west of the Rocky mountains and on the Pacific coast. Few people stop to consider or think where the gold and silver they handle come from. It may be a crop sown somewhere for all many of them know. These are the ignorant, unthinking class, of course, but there is another more intelligent, not having the excuse of ignorance, which loses no opportunity of railing against mining. Even while handling the product of the business and experiencing its benefits, they not only decry mining, but do their best to discredit all who are engaged in the pursuit.

This prejudice has grown out of losses sustained by hasty, ill advised investments, taking the statements of irresponsible speculators as facts without giving them the careful investigation that would be given to any ordinary business project submitted for investment. This careless, hasty method of investment naturally led to losses, as it would in case of equal neglect to give time and attention to any other schemes presented nearer home.

A want of knowledge of the business was more often the cause of the failure to realize profits than the want of merit of the property itself. A board of directors composed of men totally ignorant of the proper method of working a mine, hampering it with heavy expenses, extravagant salaries, sending out sons and relatives of the directors to take charge of the property totally unfitted, ignorant of the first principles of mining, naturally involved a waste of money, expended without judgment and resulting in debt and the ultimate abandonment of good properties that in many cases, falling into the hands of competent men, were developed into paying and profitable enterprises.

Such instances are numerous, but this one experiment seemed to prejudice the original investors against all further investments in mining properties, who were unwilling to believe that the failure of the past lay with themselves and not the properties they had owned.

The miners in the country west of the Rocky mountains are today hand in hand in prosperity with the vineyardist, the great fruit raisers and the merchants; in fact, he stands in the front rank of profitable producers, while his product is permanent in its benefits and never perishes. Every dollar he produces has a value to the world at large, and is that much added to its wealth and circulating medium in a form to be seldom affected by the change of dynasties or the downfall of governments. There is always a market and a demand for his goods.

If a capitalist contemplating an investment in mining was to give the same attention to investigation that he would in the purchase of a piece of real estate or any other investment, he would be no more liable to losses; proper care, careful investigation would enable him to invest with equal judgment.

A list of seventy-five mines shows as profits paid to the stockholders since incorporation the enormous amount of $132,000,000, besides which there are hundreds of small mines not incorporated being worked as private ventures of which product no note is taken, and to the above we may safely add $18,000,000, making a grand total of $150,000,000 as the result of "mining" investments.

It is not a bad showing. How many railroads would at present rate of profits show equal results? And it must be borne in mind that these mines are still pegging away.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Model Letter Box.

All who have suffered the annoyance of having their morning papers stolen from the front doorsteps will welcome the relief which is assured by a new form of letter box. This box is attached to the inside of the outer or street door of the store or dwelling. It is accessible from without at all hours, access to it being gained by means of a swinging door or gate, which may be made as ornamental as desired, and if necessary may have the owner's name engraved upon it and serve as a doorplate. The width of this combination doorplate and letter slot is sufficient to admit, besides letters, papers and small packages of merchandise.

The packages, by an ingenious arrangement, fall behind and below the box into a receptacle placed there for their accommodation, and the letters fall directly into the box, which a clever device guards so completely that the improper abstraction of its contents is impossible. This object is obtained by a swinging gate, which, while easily pressed in by the weight of the letters in the carrier's hands, will close tightly as soon as the hand is withdrawn.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Killed the Chickens.

A New Jersey farmer has a gun which could give a Kentucky mule lessons in kicking. When he fired it a few days ago it let drive at him and threw him in the air, landing him on his back, and incidentally breaking his shoulder. But if you were to ask that farmer if he isn't sorry now that he used such a vicious gun, the chances are ten to one that he would say no, he was glad of it. You see, a neighbor's chickens had been annoying the owner of the kicking gun by getting into his garden and playing the mischief with it. It was at these trespassing fowls that the gun was discharged, and as the gun at the same time that it sent its owner flying through the air killed all the poaching chickens, the farmer probably howled with delight, despite his fractured bones. That's human nature.—New York Tribune.

Equal to the Occasion.

Waiter—Ahem, haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Guest (who has been badly served)—Yes; but I've no further use for it. Keep it yourself.—New York Epoch.

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Are worth double the money.
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	Per Cake.	Per Box.
New York Olean Soap, 80 bars	2 cts	$1 60
Cream City Savon, 72 bars	2½ cts	1 75
Kirk's Standard Family, 75 bars	3 cts	2 19
Fairbank's German Mottled, 72 bars	4 cts	2 65
James S Kirk's "Standard" Soap, 60 bars	4 cts	2 25
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 bars	5 cts	2 89
Fairbank's Best Family, 20 bars	5 cts	97
Fairbank's Best Family, 20 bars	4½ cts	4 25
James S Kirk's American Family, 60 bars	5½ cts	3 24
Works' German Mottled Soap 60 bars	5 cts	2 89

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He Took Too Much.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat and checker board trousers boarded a street car in a western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began puffing a concentrated essence of vile odors into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One, a plain old farmer, couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car.

When he reached the station the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the restaurant counter.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one," and he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him.

The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young man's gripsack and overcoat.

"Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking car.

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the governor of the state, armed with recommendations and indorsements, an applicant for a position under the state government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his traveling companion of the morning without any trouble.

Glancing over his papers, the governor said, "H—m, yes; you want me to appoint you to so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time."

"Wh—why so?" stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a street car ride this morning and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich and spoiled the plateful. You paid for a seat in the train and took mine, too, and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?" — Youth's Companion.

He Would Not Smoke.

The Sardinian peasants are fond of a joke, if their jokes are not always of the keenest. Here is a story, modern at least in its present form, of the taming of a shrew. It is entitled "The Girl Who Did Not Like Smoke:"

There was once a priest who had a niece who was resolved not to marry. Often she was asked, but she would not listen, for she had got it into her head that she would not have a man who smoked. Finally a young fellow came and asked for her hand. Her uncle said to him, "Do you smoke?" Yes, sir, he replied. "Then my niece will refuse you, for she will not have any one who smokes." But the suitor said: "Is that all? I'll let the smoking alone." The uncle called his niece. She said yes, and they were married.

In the evening of the day they were married the bridegroom, without saying a syllable to his wife, went off to bed and was soon fast asleep. And in the same way every day when he came home he never spoke, but went straight to bed without taking any notice of her. She thought this conduct strange, and began to fret and pine. Her uncle said to her one day: "What is the matter that you are always sad? Does he ill treat you?" "No, he doesn't ill treat me; but when he comes home at night he never speaks, but goes to bed and sleeps. In fact, when he is in the house he never utters a word to me."

Then the uncle spoke to the husband: "What is the matter, my son? Are you not satisfied with my niece?" "Oh, yes, uncle," answered he, "but somehow, when I don't smoke, I cannot keep my eyes open."

When the old man repeated this to the bride she said, "If that's it he shall smoke." And from that time she was never satisfied when he had the pipe out of his mouth.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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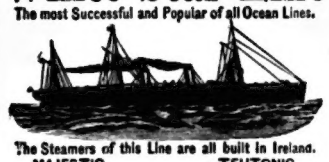

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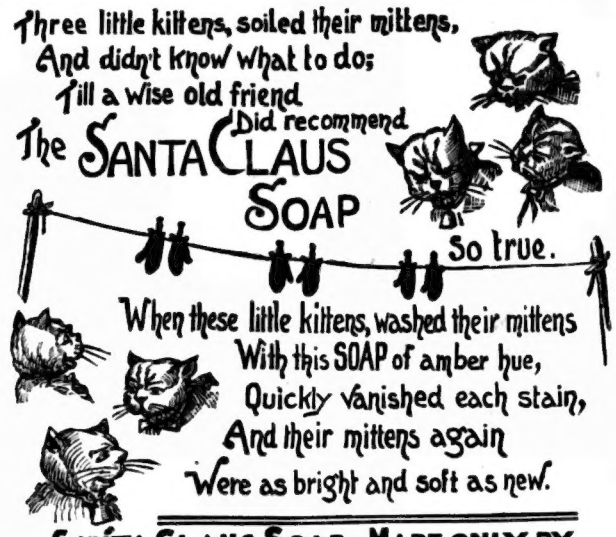
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When these little kittens, washed their mittens
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